# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1907.

## The Week.

Right on top of the announcement that those who are trying to pick a Presidential dark horse had better keep their eyes on Secretary Cortelyou, comes that official's announcement of his proposed reform of the methods of handling passengers' luggage on steamers and docks. Some time ago it was stated that Mr. Cortelyou would endeavor to abolish the existing habit of outraging American citizens who have dared to expend from $10 upward during their sojourn in Europe. The chief result of his study of the manners and methods of his subordinates is his doing away with the requirement that a passenger be made first to swear to his declaration, and then be examined with a view to proving him a liar. No oath will be required of the criminal American tourist hereafter, nor will he be forced to spend the last two hours of his voyage sitting in line in the steamer's saloon waiting his turn to be cross-examined. He can sign his declaration at any time on the way over. The examiners in the past have evidently believed that every one of their victims was at heart a smuggler. In this they were often right; the existing barbarities would make an apostolic delegate hide his pearl shirt-studs in his shoes and the most respectable Methodist bishop alive conceal his new London clothes at the bottom of his trunk, while the most saint-like of women would smuggle with all the ardor, not of a law-breaker, but of an outraged soul. The whole miserable, picayune, personal baggage law ought to go. In the hope that it will, travellers to Europe will henceforth gratefully wear a Cortelyou Presidential button in the lapels of their coats.

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Our State Department is again mortified at the inability of foreigners to understand our pretty tariff ways. This time it is the French. The most lucid nation in Europe, they yet cannot perceive the rationale of our demand that they should give us minimum tariff rates, while we continue to *frapper* their goods with Dingley rates. Our proposals, as reported in Paris by Ambassador Jusserand, have made "an unfavorable impression," and the State Department is expressing "some concern." But this concern is plainly over the intellectual crassness of France. She fails to see how $250,000 worth of Porto Rican coffee can be set off against French wines to the amount of $18,000,000. This is truly pitiful. Apparently, there are too many ex-journalists in the French Ministry. Their training has made them expert in coffee and pistols, but evidently not in coffee and wines.

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Accused of sensationalism, and severely attacked for its reckless statements, *The Navy*, the new monthly, believed to be the organ of some of the higher officers of the navy, returned to its attack upon our warships in the July number, which appeared on Saturday. This time its criticisms drew out an official reply. So far, however, from denouncing *The Navy*, Rear-Admiral Brownson's statement admits the truth of most of its charges. There were defects in the Oregon, Kearsarge, and Kentucky, and they were discovered before the ships were finished, but—"the wonder is that there were so few defects, considering that they were the first heavy battleships built in this country." Thus the official statement. Compared with the battleships of other nations, the "Oregon class was distinctly superior." "It is true that their armor was badly placed, but that arose from the addition to the ships of a great amount of material, stores, and machinery not included in the original design." It is also true that, according to Rear-Admiral Brownson, these unfortunate ships lack balanced turrets, that their eight-inch ammunition tubes (?) are not sufficiently protected, and that their turret portholes were so large that a one-pounder projectile could have put the gun entirely out of action. It was to conceal this defect that their commanding officers built wooden shields when they went to Europe, as related by *The Navy*. But Rear-Admiral Brownson finds much consolation in his complacent belief that if we could get behind the scenes in foreign navies we should find possibly a worse state of affairs. To our mind, and we think to most taxpayers, this official explanation is the very reverse of satisfying. Its tone is, moreover, unfortunate in the officer who put it out, save for its frankness. Its admissions render it probable that the rest of *The Navy's* charges are well founded, that not one of our battleships floated as she should at Jamestown. Each one of them failed to show her armor belt at the proper place when loaded for sea. Now, the United States has paid enormous prices for its battleships, and maintains a large number of designers, graduates of Annapolis, who are supposed to know their business, and it would seem to the lay mind as if this called for the ability to calculate what weights will be placed on a battleship when she is ready for sea. Indeed, *The Navy's* revelations, its repeated assertion that the same defects of the Oregon class are reappearing in the designs of our new 20,000-ton sea-monsters, ought to lead to a Congressional inquiry, particularly in view of these admissions of Rear-Admiral Brownson.

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The Alabama State Bar Association is doing a good work in agitating a reform of the abuses of criminal appeal. Its Committee on Correspondence has been addressing the bar associations of other States. The circular letter which has been sent out recites the growing scandal in this country of reversals on appeal for error in the trial courts which was not really material. In too many jurisdictions in this country the doctrine has gained standing that an error of ruling, created *per se* to enable the excepting and defeated party to obtain a new trial, must prevail with the higher court. The result is something like 50 per cent. of reversals, or new trials, in this country, as compared with about 4 per cent. in English practice. This evil has been vigorously brought to the notice of the Alabama Legislature by the Bar Association, and we understand that a bill to correct the extravagances of appeal on technical and immaterial grounds is in a fair way of being enacted. Other States should take the matter up. Doubtless an amendment to the Federal Judiciary Act would also be useful. That the abuse of setting aside verdicts for error not going to the merits is great and growing, Judge Brewer has strongly testified.

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The second instalment of the report drafted by the Municipal Ownership Committee of the National Civic Federation, makes it pretty evident that the general outcome of the investigations of the committee will be very much like Mr. Dooley's summing up of the results of a certain widely discussed episode in the White House. "Two hundred thousand citizens in Alabama," said the Chicago philosopher—we quote in general terms—"who never voted for a Republican candidate will now cast their ballots for a Democratic President, and an equal number of citizens in Massachusetts who associate Democracy with the devil, will continue to vote for the Republican ticket." With the committee made up half and half of the champions of quite opposite economic views, we can only look forward to a repetition of the sharp divergencies between experts. When we take up this matter of municipal versus individual ownership, it is largely a question of faith or prejudice, as we may choose to regard it. Once the point of view is chosen, the aspect and importance of everything that follows, success

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or failure, efficiency or incompetence, dollars and cents, are all predetermined. And where the question is as complicated as this subject of the ownership and administration of public utilities, the chances for different interpretations are almost infinite. When the advocate of municipal ownership points to a gain in dollars and cents at Wheeling, his opponent replies that the service is poor. When the latter points to a loss in dollars and cents elsewhere, the municipal ownership advocate declares that "life, liberty, justice, virtue, and intelligence are of greater moment." And as for political corruption, you may regard it as a vital argument against municipal ownership, or as the product of the maleficent influence of privately owned public service corporations.

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A fight for the open shop is in progress at Washington. The labor unions are arrayed against the Master Builders' and the Employers' Associations. The strike will stop all building, with the usual annoyance to employers and the inevitable hardships to the employed. The former, in stating their case, assert that the members of unions will not live up to their contracts; "they will observe an agreement only when it is made in accordance with their dictation." The unions reply that "organized labor cannot view the open shop in any other light than the disintegration of the workmen's organizations, and that proposition they will combat and fight to the last ditch." This is the old issue. The employer is the only one of the two parties who is expected to live up to his contract; and when he does so, he is subject at any moment to an arbitrary strike. Union working men should know how wearied and disgusted the whole community is becoming with their tyranny and untrustworthiness. If needed labor legislation halts, the course of labor organizations has much to do with it.

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In appointing Victor H. Paltsits as State Historian, Gov. Hughes chooses an expert for a position which emphatically requires an expert. Hugh Hastings, who has recently resigned as State Historian in order to become a Tax Commissioner in this city, is a gentleman of many accomplishments and admirable temper and industry. He was not, however, trained to historical research; he was never by profession a decipherer and editor of historical documents; and in his work on our archives he was forced to lean on the broken reeds of zeal and general intelligence. Mr. Paltsits, however, has had much experience in the very kind of labor that the State Historian must perform. He was educated with unusual thoroughness; and he has risen to the position of assistant librarian of the Lenox. He has edited the "Journal of Captain William Pote, Jr.," 1745-1747, "Papers Relating to the Siege of Charleston," 1780, the Rev. John Miller's "New Yorke Considered and Improved," 1695, "Captivity of Capt. John Gyles," 1689-1697; he was bibliographical adviser to the editors of the seventy-three volumes of Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents—one of the monuments to American scholarship. He has prepared several standard bibliographies, particularly on historical subjects. From every point of view, therefore, the appointment seems ideal—what we might expect from a man with Gov. Hughes's appreciation of the intellectual side of life. Under the skilled hand of Mr. Paltsits our State archives should become a treasure-house for students of history and the development of our social and political institutions.

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No want of feeling makes us say that the reports of Ouida's falling on evil days have a certain æsthetic fitness which must appeal to the authoress of "Puck" and of "Under Two Flags" herself. To live sumptuously in a princely Florentine villa surrounded by many graceful and well-loved hounds, is to reproduce a beatific existence of Boccaccio's time. To be cast out the next week, absolutely impoverished and starving, and to be compelled to seek refuge in the cottage of the mother of one of her servants, but still accompanied by three of her faithful dogs, is like a situation out of Ouida's books. Governments, which always move with pernicious slowness, seem in this case to have belied their reputation, and a British pension of seven hundred and fifty dollars should be sufficient to make the writer secure against actual want in the future. But, then, Ouida is quite capable of spending her annual stipend on one lavish feast for all the homeless dogs in Florence, as reported. To the extent, however, that she is very far above the commonplace mob of us, she is also above the need of our commiseration. It is only to be hoped that the authors of our own best-sellers are wise enough to invest their earnings in New York rather than in Italian real estate.

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The dreaming of dreams, especially when it coincides with real events, continues to excite wonder. The Rev. Dr. Rollings, who is studying medicine in New York, fell asleep and dreamed that his "second self" had taken its flight to England, where his father lay in bed surrounded by members of his family. Dr. Rollings saw his father "sink back" and die. Two weeks later, a letter informed him that his father had actually died at the hour of his dream. Of course, spiritualists will attribute such an occurrence to clairvoyance or some such supernatural process. It is really nothing but a coincidence. Thousands of people have dreams of friends dying, without the occurrence of any corresponding event. Such cases pass by unnoticed. But when coincidences take place, a supernatural explanation is given forthwith, and no account is taken of the "negative instances" which make the argument fallacious. An extraordinary case of "clairvoyance" is reported in the Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research, by Prof. William James. The body of a woman who had been drowned was recovered through a dream. Professor James says that this story "is a decidedly solid document in favor of the admission of a supernormal faculty of seership." But most men of science would prefer to have more evidence before accepting such a conclusion. When there happens to be a long run of the red at *rouge et noir*, it is not necessary to conclude that there is either fraud or a miracle.

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Even the most besotted golfers will be tempted to renounce their favorite game if it is to be infected by a Rockefeller taint. The trail of that serpent has been over all the national amateur championship. All the dispatches from Cleveland have been so filled with the doings and sayings of the oil magnate on the links, that it has been rather difficult to make out who was winning, and what class of play was being exhibited. The turned-up trousers and soft hat and ohs and dear, dears, and hurrahs of Rockefeller have made the accounts of the tournament pretty painful reading. To crown all, we had to submit to a lot of Rockefeller philosophy of golf, pointing out its moral tonic, and showing how it makes men clean, truthful, and modest! An enemy of golf hath done this. For it is hard to think of so fine a sport becoming of itself snobbish and toadying. Still, one remembers Talleyrand in Maine congratulated by a native on the prospect that, in Philadelphia, he would have the opportunity of seeing, not Washington, but the richest man in America.

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The movement among German Catholics to do away with the Index of prohibited books, would seem, to an outsider, of little importance. Since it was established nearly four centuries ago by Paul IV., the Index has had decreasing influence, especially with the laity. This has, of course, been due in part to the immense number of books and articles printed in many languages, of which the Congregation can take no note. A short way of condemning heretical literature would be that adopted by Pius V., as well as by his predecessor, of prohibiting in general works issued by certain publishers and printers. Under Pius IX., the number of theologi-

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cal names on the Index increased considerably, partly because of the growingly liberal philosophy of the nineteenth century. It was to oppose it that the *Katholik* was founded at Mainz, and that Leo XIII. afterwards issued the bull *Æterni Patris*. The abolition of the Index might momentarily encourage the liberal Catholic movement in Italy, which, under the leadership of Murri and Fogazzaro, is causing so much unrest. But there was a supervision of the reading of the faithful before the Index was formally established, and probably a papal condemnation of important theological or philosophical movements in general would suppress heresy quite as effectively as the old way of putting obnoxious publications on a list, with which few even of the bishops are familiar. Certainly, mere outside pressure will not abolish the Index; and this German agitation will very likely succumb to papal discipline. In 1674, when the Congregation censured the Gallican maxims of the Sorbonne, a year did not pass before the offending theses were withdrawn, under the supervision of Bossuet.

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Such hope eternal as the Irish Home Rulers cherish, or profess to cherish, has a pathetic quality. Here is John Redmond, for example, just after the apparent dashing for years of the aspirations of the Irish Nationalists, telling them of his confidence that they are nearer than ever to their goal. This is, no doubt, a part of the stock in trade of an Irish leader. It would never do for him to admit that his cause is hopeless; and the darker the immediate prospect, the rosier must be his prophecies. But those familiar with Irish history know how old a story all this is. More than sixty years ago O'Connell was as positive of the speedy grant of an Irish Legislature as Redmond is to-day. Said the latter, the other day: "If the Irish people show themselves in earnest, whatever Government may be in power will find itself at an early date coerced into introducing a bill for the better government of Ireland." In the recent Life of Sir James Graham is published a letter by O'Connell, written June 30, 1846, in which he said: "No man can tell how near we may be to the accomplishment of our best wishes, and in truth our only hope, the repeal of the Union." Of such is the tragedy of Irish history.

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The action of the Italian Senate in ordering the incarceration of former Minister of Instruction Nunzio Nasi, who has been arraigned before that chamber sitting as a Supreme Court, on charges of extensive embezzlement while in office, is the beginning of the last act in a *cause célèbre* that has lasted for nearly four years. Nasi's peculations were enormous; his methods showed a simplicity and directness that should command the serious study of high political financiers all over the world. Out of a fund created for the "support of schools and the subsidizing of teachers," more than three hundred thousand lire were distributed to an amazing variety of beneficiaries, including stone-masons, police officers, dressmakers, midwives, "and an infant of twenty-five months." Out of another fund for the subvention of agricultural instruction, pensions were freely granted to "artists without patrons and journalists without journals." When charges were first brought against the erring Minister in 1904, Nasi, from a safe retreat abroad, demanded that he be brought before the Senate as a high court, but the Chamber decided that the case be prosecuted through the regular judicial channels. There ensued three years of legal and political manœuvring. The courts cast Signor Nasi into the arms of the legislature, and the legislature threw him back into the courts. Finally, the Court of Cassation decreed in favor of the Senate's competence. Meanwhile, in his native town of Trapani, in Sicily, Nasi has been a popular hero; he has been repeatedly reëlected to Parliament, streets have been named after his lawyers, and there is even a popular *Inno a Nasi*, just as there is a Garibaldi's Hymn. What his adoring townsmen would have done if Nasi had won the Derby, can scarcely be imagined.

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Count Posadowsky, the German Secretary of State for the Interior, who has just retired from office, or, rather, has just been forced out, was the personal choice of the Kaiser for the place, because of his excellent services in the administration of Posen. Now, within two months of completing his ten years of service, he has found it necessary to resign, because he read an inspired announcement that his resignation was about to be handed in. Originally, he was looked upon as a somewhat reactionary official of the ordinary type. To the surprise of all classes, he rapidly developed into a statesman of great ability and of liberal tendencies, particularly in the direction of social reforms and legislation. Having begun as a Junker and Agrarian, he goes out of office particularly regretted by the Liberals and Social Democrats. A more striking case of broadening in office has never been seen in Germany, but the liberalizing process he underwent was his undoing. He was not enough of a high-tariff man to please the land-owners, and he is believed to have opposed the dissolution of the last Reichstag. Hence his rather brutal dismissal. He has been succeeded by the Prussian Minister of the Interior, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, who has strong reactionary tendencies. The selection of the new Prussian Minister of Education, Dr. Holle, is also taken to mean that the Conservatives are more than ever in the saddle, despite Von Bülow's overtures to the Liberals.

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That the Germanization of Prussian Poland, in spite of the enormous resources with which it has been carried on, must remain a failure, is a common conclusion. The planting of German colonists in Posen has only served to spur on the Poles to adopt their rivals' superior methods of cultivation, with the result that the country is said to enjoy unexampled prosperity. The coming autumn is expected to witness the recrudescence of the national movement in the form of school strikes, violations of the censorship laws with regard to the use of the Polish language, and popular demonstrations. Events in Russia may not improbably stimulate the German Poles to increased resistance. So long as the Duma was in being, and the Polish Deputies continued to be recognized as one of its most important elements, Russian Poland cherished high hopes of a national restoration, in part at least, and their German brethren may have been tempted to rest on their oars a bit to watch the movement of events across the border. Now that Russian Poland's hopes have been shattered, there is evidently nothing left for the Poles everywhere to do but to resume the slow, desperate struggle for their racial existence in the hope of brighter days.

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Paris, for some time, has been entertaining his Majesty, Paramindr-Maha-Chulalongkorn, King of Siam, with whom, in March last, France concluded a treaty that is regarded as finally establishing a satisfactory boundary line in Indo-China. The French press calls attention to the fact that, since 1868, Siam has been pursuing a process of national regeneration comparable to that which Japan entered upon in the same year. Instead of the loose feudal relations formerly subsisting between King and local rulers, we find now a firmly centralized system, in which the local dignitaries have consented to take an important part as subordinates of the Government at Bangkok. There is a legislative council appointed by the King, and the executive government is carried on by regularly constituted ministries. The foreign commerce has attained a value of fifty million dollars, though the trade is largely in the hands of the Chinese. It is, of course, well known that two American jurists, Edward H. Strobel and J. I. Westengard, have taken an important share in the work of reform in their capacity as advisers to the King of this progressive country.

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### *WARS AND PHRASES.*

As though there were not enough Jingoes, ordinary rattle-brains and conscious mischief-makers, in this country and in Japan doing their best to egg on two unwilling nations into a criminally irrational conflict, our press must needs go abroad for wise opinion as to the "inevitable struggle" that confronts us. And because the European mind is the more inclined towards abstract, or at least generalized, thinking, we find the reasons for a war with Japan framed in imposing formulæ. To a correspondent of the *Times*, Ernest Judet, editor of the Paris *Eclair*, has declared that "the position in a nutshell is that both Powers want supremacy on the ocean called the Pacific, and unless one makes up its mind to draw back, a conflict is inevitable." To speak of Supremacy on the Pacific, as to speak of the Key to the Caribbean or the Waterway of the Future between the Two Oceans, is the ultimate argument of Jingo philosophy. "You simply have got to fight," the argument runs, "because a San Francisco mob has maltreated certain Japanese subjects, or because the Japanese hate you, or because a Japanese fleet is bound for San Francisco. What? You say you refuse to be hurried into war over matters that can be easily arranged? You hesitate before the appalling consequences? Well, then, friend, you must fight anyhow, because the Supremacy of the Pacific is at stake."

It is the error of these facile philosophers of history to imagine that, because certain phrases have become famous in connection with great national and social movements, all that is necessary to set public passion ablaze is to invent some taking cry or epigram. They overlook the fact that wars have never been fought over phrases, but that they arose from great material reasons or emotional crises to which the popular phrase merely gave appropriate expression. Even a vindictive and unreasoning cry like "Remember the Maine" had its basis of validity in a general feeling of bitter irritation, no matter by what means produced. But politicians who would have us go to war for the supremacy of the Pacific show as little comprehension of the springs of popular action as they do of the nature of political catchwords in general. Look at England, Mistress of the Sea, is their argument; look at Germany's Emperor dictating Peace and War to Europe; is it not worth while fighting for as noble a sounding phrase as any of these? They forget that Mistress of the Seas, or War Lord of Europe, represents only the historian's summary or phrase for a succession of events, each of which appealed to Englishmen and Germans on its own merits. Britons, in going out to defeat the Armada, did not say: "Go to; we will now enter on a two-hundred-year process of mastering the sea," any more than the Simian that first rose to an upright position said to himself: "I will now begin to evolve into a Jingo editor."

The *Times's* interview with the Paris journalist contains another gem of thought. Once having laid it down that a Japanese-American war is inevitable, he adds: "I will not venture to say whether it is likely to occur to-morrow, next year, or in the next ten years; but it is the only natural solution of the problem as now stated." The implication is that, inasmuch as a war must come some time or other, the Power that feels itself the stronger to-day should do its best to hurry on the conflict. Our own heroes of the press are accustomed to state the truth in terms of the Panama Canal, the argument running about as follows: "There must be war between the United States and Japan at some time or other; but when the Panama Canal is completed, America's increased strength in the Pacific will leave Japan hopelessly outclassed; therefore it is for Japan's interests to attack us now; therefore there will be war. *Q. E. D.*" Now, we may pass over the sordid cynicism of this mode of reasoning, since we recognize that to call for the application of the ordinary standards of right and wrong to international relations is merely to be old-fashioned and visionary; but the lamentable confusion of thought inherent in the argument should be pointed out. Briefly put, it imagines a situation where two grown-up men are carefully manœuvring for an opportunity to land the first blow, and deduces therefrom that it would be wise for any one of us to go and assassinate the new-born infant son of an unpopular neighbor, lest when he grows up he should succeed in overcoming us.

Even if it be conceded that war, in our present stage of civilization, is an unavoidable evil, or, perhaps, a necessary accompaniment of healthy national growth, is it not patently silly to counsel present war just for the sake of anticipating war in the future? Because it is inevitable that by 1925 conditions should have so developed in the Far East as to force a conflict between the United States and Japan, what good would it do to fight now, when such conditions do not exist? Why not carry the argument to an extreme and, estimating that, on an average, every nation in the next hundred years will spend about ten years in waging war, start in right now for a ten years' spree, and then settle down to ninety years of peace and contentment? Would not most people be thankful if immediately after birth they had been *compelled* by their parents to pass through all the pains of measles, teething, an operation for appendicitis, disappointed love, dieting for flesh reduction, deteriorating eyesight, and senile debility?

### *THE DRIFT AT THE HAGUE.*

The last number of *Punch* has a full-page cartoon on the Hague Conference, which not inaptly expresses the general feeling of disappointment with that body. An idealized figure of Peace stands reading the programme affixed to the door of the Temple of Peace. It runs: "Lectures on the Etiquette of War. Contraband. Capture of Merchant Shipping. Prize Courts." Thereupon Peace soliloquizes: "Always glad to lend my house for a good cause. Still, they might perhaps have asked me to join them. But evidently it's my room they want, and not my company."

It would be rash, or at least premature, to say that this year's Hague Conference will be barren of results. At present, it is true, there appears to be a deadlock on nearly every one of the mild proposals to ameliorate the conduct of war—the immunity of private property at sea, the abolition of prize-money, etc. Even on the subject of prize-courts there is such disagreement that last Thursday Mr. Choate had to move for the appointment of a "harmonizing" committee. As for a permanent tribunal of arbitration, to which all the signatory Powers are to bind themselves to submit future differences, it is as slow in coming as the chariot of Sisera. Thus, if one were to sum up the status of the various plans before the Conference, with the discussions held upon them, he would be almost forced to look forward to something very like failure.

Yet an attitude of modified hope would probably be more reasonable. Doubtless, we expected from the Peace Congress more than we shall get; but we may easily get more than we now expect. The situation is, in that respect, not unlike that which existed after the opening weeks of the Conference of 1899. It began with high hopes, but soon it seemed as if every one of them was to be dashed. In the end, however, valuable results were secured. Hence it is reassuring to read such a review of the history of the first Conference, put into comparison with the negotiations leading up to the second, and with the topics signalized for debate therein, as André Tardieu publishes in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of June 15. He sketches most suggestively the way in which the Congress of 1899 was rescued from failure. The Czar's proposal for reducing armaments early proved impracticable, and cynicism about the outcome set in and long prevailed. But diplomatists of the number and weight of those convened at Russia's instance really could not adjourn without doing something; and finally they did accomplish a work which, though restricted in scope, was

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beneficent in conception and useful in operation. M. Tardieu expects a somewhat similar result this year. It will take considerable ingenuity to find a form of words by which discrepant views may be reconciled, but the likelihood that a few useful agreements will be effected is strong. At the worst, we may fall back upon the comforting remark of M. de Martens, that the mere effort to agree on peace measures has a distinct value.

The one great defect of the Conference, running through all its delays and misunderstandings and inconclusiveness, is the lack of a sharply precise and definite programme. Means of abolishing war, clear-cut proposals to disarm, the erection of a great court of arbitration to which all civilized nations shall be bound to refer their quarrels—these things could be clearly discussed. They would furnish a basis for a positive decision, one way or another. But when you get together to confer about the "etiquette" of war, about the more or less of cruelty and barbarism to be tolerated, then you instantly run off into all these fine shadings and subtle distinctions and intrigues by selfish interests which to-day, like so many green withes, bind the Conference and impede its action. It is all very much as if the duello were under discussion, and grave men should argue, not whether it ought to be done away with altogether, but whether duellists should fire at the drop of the handkerchief or on the count; whether there should be a nurse as well as physician in attendance; and whether all bullets and swords used should not be made antiseptic!

It was, of course, involved in the terms under which the Conference was summoned that it should not directly labor for the abolition of war; but the unfortunate consequence is such floundering as we now see at The Hague. You will not make much headway in putting an end to prize-fighting if you limit yourself to discussing amendments to the rules of the Marquis of Queensberry! And it is unhappily the case that a quiet assumption that war must and shall be preserved has underlain many of the Hague discussions. Even the alleged meliorators of war are not consistent, when it comes to the pinch. As Sir John Macdonnell points out in the July *Contemporary*, those, like Capt. Mahan, who oppose the exemption of private property at sea, affirm that to do so would be to make war less terrible, and so diminish the deterrent motives which keep nations from it. Yet their professed aim is precisely that of making war less terrible! But when it is proposed to make it so and also less *inviting*—to take away the prospect of prize money—the meliorators promptly abandon their position, and take ground which, logically, would compel them to defend every savagery of war as a deterrent.

It appears certain, as we say, that the high anticipations of convinced lovers of peace will not be realized by the Hague Conference. Yet it may be hoped that some humane agreements will be reached. Starting afresh from them, it will be in order to press on the work of making war as unthinkable as the ordeal or the duello.

## *THE HARRIMAN REPORT.*

Mr. Harriman's criticism of the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission on his railroad operations is (1) that it was marked by malign secrecy in the manner of its publication; (2) that it is not so much a public document as "a personal pursuit of me." Either point, his own lawyers could have told him, is *aliunde*. The report was given to the press associations in the usual manner of such official publications—that is, labelled "confidential," with a fixed date for "release," before which no part of it was to be used. Even if this were not the regular proceeding, it would not affect the validity and significance of the facts embodied in the report. They stand as of record. They were, indeed, largely brought out or verified by Mr. Harriman's own testimony at the public inquiry.

His charge that the Commission was unfairly "personal" in dealing with his transactions, strangely overlooks the nature of the case in hand. The report was not a Presidential speech, with its necessary vague generalizations about "the man who," or "any citizen who would," or "the evildoer," no names being mentioned. It was a specific inquiry into the specific misdeeds of a specific man; and not to out bluntly with his name would have been ludicrous. There is no question whatever of personal animus. The financial operations uncovered by the inquiry, and epitomized in the report, would not have smelled sweeter by any other name than Harriman.

Indeed, the Commission is not so directly hostile to Mr. Harriman as it had been expected to be. His prosecution for violation of the law is but vaguely hinted at. Even that stout determination to vindicate the Commission's jurisdiction, of which we had heard so much, and to compel Harriman to answer its questions about his personal speculative interest in the securities of the roads which he was manipulating, nowhere figures in the report. Yet it is scarcely conceivable that this purpose has been abandoned. All questions of personal antagonism, or personal consequence, put one side, it is of great importance that the Commission's powers of investigation be judicially defined. Unless, therefore, the intention is to let Mr. Harriman off with a perfunctory scolding, we must believe that the questions which the Commission put to him, and which he refused to answer, will be certified to a Federal court with a request that an order be issued directing him to give the facts about his stock-market activities. We are not yet ready to take the view, held by some, that Harriman is really well content with the report as it stands, and is satisfied that nothing more will be done.

If any one looked for sensational matter in the report, he was doomed to disappointment. There is nothing new in it. What we have is simply a review, very full, and, as it seems to us, scrupulously fair, of the evidence elicited at the hearings. If there is anything severely condemnatory of the Harriman methods, this lies in the recital of the facts, not in any punitive attitude of the Commission. The Alton affair comes in for the most trenchant arraignment, but this, again, arises merely from the lucid way in which the whole truth is set forth. The terrible summing up, of which it is open to Mr. Harriman to dispute the findings and figures if he can, is as follows:

> Taking the original cost of the property as it stood upon the books of the Alton Company December 31, 1898, as $39,935,887, adding the amount which appears by the testimony of Mr. Harriman, Mr. Felton, and Mr. Hillard to have been spent upon the property out of the new capital issued after Mr. Harriman and his associates obtained control of the road, to wit, about $18,000,000 (including the cost of the 58 miles of the Peoria road at $3,000,000), it shows that the foregoing liabilities of over $113,894,000 were placed upon property which had originally cost approximately $58,000,000, or an increase of stock and liabilities upon the road, for which not a dollar of tangible property had been added, of practically $56,000,000.

After this, it is not necessary to speak of the handling of the Alton securities, under the Harriman régime, as "rich in illustrations of various methods of indefensible financing."

Most people will think the Commission's final "Recommendations" meagre and disappointingly vague, if not conflicting. It is strongly urged that railways be confined to the business of transportation, and not allowed to invest "generally" in the securities of other railways or steamship companies. Yet many exceptions are at once indicated. "It is in the interest of the public to facilitate the consolidation of connecting lines." Is this a stone aimed so as to hit Harriman, but miss the President's friend Mellen? At all events, the legal and legislative difficulties encountered in attempting to prevent the consolidation of the New Haven and Hartford with the Boston and Maine, fall at the very moment of the appearance of the report to emphasize the fu-

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tility of its mere generalities. The fallacy that lurks in these is plain in the last of the Commission's recommendations against the "inflating" of railway securities "for merely speculative purposes." Granting that this should be done, there is not the remotest suggestion how it could be done, either in law or practice. All told, therefore, we regard the body of the report as more valuable than its conclusions. The former sets out a body of ascertained fact; the latter are far less a plan of action than the expression of pious hopes.

### *THE ART OF STEALING CLOTHES.*

In a German newspaper, Jean Jaurès, leader of the Unified Socialist party in the French Parliament, attempts an estimate of what has been accomplished by the three Socialist politicians who since 1899 have consented to assume ministerial positions. These men are MM. Millerand, Briand, and Viviani; and the writer's opinion, based on the career of all three, is that it decidedly does not pay to coöperate with the bourgeois elements, who have shown themselves able to "exploit" the proletariat's leaders as well as the proletariat itself. To M. Millerand, who became Minister of Commerce under Waldeck-Rousseau at the height of the Dreyfus crisis, M. Jaurès pays liberal tribute for his activity in establishing a ten-hour day for woman and child workers throughout France, his encouragement of the trade-union movement by according political recognition to the "syndicates," and his agitation in favor of old-age insurance, which resulted in the enactment of such a measure by the Chamber last year. But M. Millerand fell a victim to ambition, and instead of devoting his great talents to the welfare of his party "and hastening the hour when the working class, powerful enough at last and disciplined enough, might call into being and keep in being a 'government of social evolution,'" he chose to follow his own way towards the Premiership. As for M. Briand, he is only an unscrupulous wire-puller and "climber," who has grown from a fire-eating anarchist into a cheap Moderate, and is planning to swim into power on a Conservative wave.

"They steal our men," so we may sum up M. Jaurès's summary of the situation. And he proceeds to point out with exultation, though it is a somewhat wry-faced enthusiasm, that the "bourgeois" republic cannot dispense with the Socialists. "If it cannot obtain the coöperation of the moderate Socialists in carrying on the work of racial reform, it turns to the renegades from revolutionary Socialism in order to pursue a policy of repression. It cannot get on without the support of the working classes; it cannot even get along without traitors from our ranks." We may grasp the reason for the writer's bitterness when we recollect that, while Socialists, like all parties, have become accustomed to see their principles appropriated by their opponents and put into practice, in more or less modified form, under a more or less modified name, they have not yet learned how to remain unmoved when they see their leaders pass out of the camp or into the enemy's lines.

And yet it is difficult to see how fairly moderate Socialists of the type of M. Jaurès can look forward to any other future than one in which Socialist ideas and Socialist thinkers shall gradually filter over into bourgeois strata and fructify the barren soil—a process, however, which peacefully can go on only to a certain extent. Socialism in Europe has been recognized before as being two-fold in character: first, it stands for the abolition of private property, and, second, it stands for any number of social reforms, general or local in nature. Now, while Socialism may count upon the uncompromising hostility of the present order towards its main tenets, it must expect to see its secondary reforms, many of which are admirable and undeniably called for by European conditions, accepted one after the other by the parties in power. But it has been the mistake of French opportunists to imagine that they could advance through minor conquests to their ultimate aim. The so-called bourgeois parties will make concession after concession in the way of social reform, and when it comes to the sharp decision between the present fundamental order and collectivism, the *impasse* will be as sharp as ever. Premier Clemenceau formulated this thesis in a brilliant manner during his great debate with M. Jaurès last fall. "We take your ideas," he practically told the Socialists, "and carry them out, but we remain individualists." Or, to put it into homely form, "We are ready to wear any clothes you may prove our health or our good looks require; but we will *not* go naked."

Bebel and the German Socialists have clearly recognized the twofold nature of the Socialist programme, and have, logically enough, refused to take office under a "bourgeois" régime. They reason that the essentials of Socialism cannot be carried out until a majority of the nation has been converted to the true faith; and as for the secondary reforms, the "bourgeois" government can be forced to adopt them anyhow, without going to the trouble of converting good Socialists into bad Ministers. In other words, until they are strong enough to pass a law making it obligatory to go naked, the German Socialists are quite willing to let the Government go on stealing their clothes. As an Opposition party, they undoubtedly have pushed Germany in the direction of democracy. What is called State Socialism, Christian Socialism, coöperative movements of varying kinds, have all been stimulated by or risen in response to the Socialist propaganda. The same is true of Belgium, where the Socialists have forced the Catholic majority to adopt progressive labor legislation; and the same will probably be the case in Austria under universal suffrage.

When we come to the illogical Anglo-Saxon, it is more difficult to foretell how far he may carry the game of garment-stealing without owning up to it. With us, the label is still powerful; a fatally radical theory propounded by an unsafe Democrat, becomes a principle necessitated by marked changes in our national life when proposed by the party that never errs. Government *ownership* is a harmful thing, but if a Trust is wicked, the Government may *run* it; and so possibly some day it may be discovered that one might be right in discarding *all* his clothes, if we consider that, after all, he would be wearing a fine suit of epidermal tissue. In one of Anatole France's late philosophical romances there is a vision of Europe organized as one vast Socialistic federation under a republican form of government. England, however, is represented as constituting a separate Socialistic state—with a King and a House of Lords.

### *TRAINING FOR MUSEUM WORK.*

We have before called attention to the new and interesting profession that has been opened up through the growth and creation of art museums, and noted that the supply of curators falls far short of the demand. If anything, the dearth of this kind of talent is likely to increase for a time. The older museums are unable to find department heads, and through such benefactions as that of Messrs. Johnson, Widener, and Elkins of Philadelphia, new and important galleries are founded as full grown. Meanwhile, directors seek in vain for experts, or bring them over the water.

Indeed, one may say that it is easier to find a good director than a competent staff of curators. Executive ability is not rare among us, and a number of organizers, frequently trained for other professions, have acquired a discursive knowledge of the whole field of art and a personal acquaintance with collectors and experts that fully qualify them for their new duties. In fact, men of this type are often preferable as executives to specialists. The smaller museums, and especially those that devote themselves to our own art, will generally be managed by a single chief of this character.

As for the museums of broader scope, it may be asked, Why should they not select promising young men and let them grow up into the curatorships? This argument might be supported by

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the example of several curators of American training who, making the most of very slender advantages, have shown much energy, and have gained more than a respectable position. But a very little reflection will show that our museums are as yet too new to serve as training schools. In no department of any of them could a student hope to gain the material knowledge that is expected of a curator in a great European museum. And aside from the scantiness of the actual materials of research, the isolation of a young expert among us is in itself narrowing. Better than formal studies is association with seasoned connoisseurs, and this can as yet be had at home only in very scanty measure.

Since the career is open and attractive, one may assume that gradually the right persons will appear, even without organized encouragement. But meantime the need is acute. Our rapidly growing collections are either uncatalogued or inadequately listed, and through the very growth of departments the scientific arrearage mounts up formidably. We need a supply of trained curators, and need it now, and sorely. Young men of considerable preliminary training and of uncommon initiative may, of course, study in such institutions as the École du Louvre, but we really want a training more generally available. Theoretically, the best way to meet the case would be to organize a museum school in one of the European capitals, preferably Paris, at which research in the history and connoisseurship of art would be conducted by great specialists, in the local museums. A rudimentary plant and organization would suffice, a mere headquarters and working library. Nothing elaborate in the way of a faculty would be required, for the lectureships would chiefly be filled by European specialists, the courses varying according to the personnel of the student body. The residential term would be short, since such studies presuppose wide travel. As for ways and means, it might in the long run be good business for our museums to support such a school coöperatively, as, with private aid, our universities and colleges sustain the American School at Athens.

And here arises the query why such schools of archæology as those of Athens and Rome should not undertake this work. Evidently, it would be germane to their purposes, but unfortunately, neither is at present on a basis to give instruction of this special kind. On the other hand, both possess working libraries and the nucleus of a faculty. To add a museum department to either would be far less expensive than to begin afresh. Probably there is greater hope in raising these schools to a higher power than in founding another feeble American school on European soil. But, frankly, if either the Roman or the Athenian schol were to undertake this new function, a considerable reform and expansion would be necessary.

Considering the dearth of trained curators more broadly, a practical person might imagine that something could be done by coöperation, one expert cataloguing and arranging the collections of several museums. To meet an emergency, something of this sort may be and is being done. The Metropolitan Museum, for instance, borrowed Professor Morse of Boston to catalogue the Japanese potteries. In many cases it would be good policy to invite a European expert to put a department in order and lay down a scheme for its regular growth. On the purely scientific side, much may be done by such exchange of services. When it comes to buying, however—in many ways the most delicate function of a curator—it is evident that he cannot serve two masters. Coöperation, then, is at best a makeshift, and we face the necessity of manning our rapidly growing museums with really qualified officials, with much the feeling of the Hebrews who were bidden to make bricks without straw. For a wealthy donor to provide a proper training for this important and neglected branch of public service would evince an originality in benefaction rarely displayed in that hackneyed pursuit.

## *MUSIC IN NOVELS.*

The heard melodies of real life are sweet, but the unheard melodies of poetry and prose fiction, if not sweeter, are more surprising. At times they even fill the reader with dismay. The first syllables of recorded time describe the strains from the fibula, the lyre, and the *tenuis avena;* in Dante there is the sound of the *angelica tromba*, while Dryden brings forward a whole orchestra in the St. Cecilia ode. There is a fascination in Lucie's *clavecin* in De Musset's poem; and we admire the young man in "Maud," who sat up all night listening to the strange trio of "flute, violin, and bassoon." But it is in our later romance that music is most vividly described.

Sometimes it is vocal, and then not always of the best quality. There are female characters with untrained but powerful voices; there are artistic performers with weak voices; there are heroines with a low, rich contralto, and heroes with tender baritone voices. The number of high sopranos is, however, small; and there are almost no tenors. Every novel-reader knows the unhappy lady who has to take to the opera or concert stage for a living, being trained for her profession by an imbecile foreigner who speaks broken English and is himself in reduced circumstances. There are, moreover, flute-players. In novels the flute always "quavers," whereas in real life it pierces the ears and ruffles the temper. When American novelists tell about Bohemian life, they always bring on a flute-player, living in some street near Washington Square. It is inevitable, it seems, that Bohemians should pursue music, and have rooms in the neighborhood of South Fifth Avenue, although the chance of artistic advancement in that quarter is rather less than that of suffering from ptomaine poisoning.

Another familiar musician of fiction is the organist who sits alone in the church, pulls out all the stops, and fills the place with "glorious harmonies," until the heroine steals in, conceals herself in a pew, and at length emerges, to the embarrassment of both the player and herself. Harps went out of fashion with harpsicords; so the favorite instrument of the newer writers is necessarily the piano. Not all players have the virtuosity of Major Ponto's governess, who could play "Getting Upstairs" with variations, and who, having got the tune to the top of the landing, "hurled it down shrieking to the bottom floor." Musical experts have little patience with the sentimental young woman in the novel who relieves her feelings by letting her fingers "wander over the keys." Descriptions of such slovenly playing have ruined the technique of many a boarding-school miss. But occasionally, in turning to the exquisite fiction of our own time, we come upon real musical prodigies. Such an one was Martin Challoner, in E. F. Benson's artistic novel. He had been forbidden to have a piano in his rooms at Cambridge, but that made no difference. He could "even play Wagner on the piano"; and one lady said, "I believed he had instruments concealed about his person." The rector was not pleased when Martin played Lohengrin on the organ during the church service; but the player's friends were enraptured by his proficiency and the extent of his repertoire. When, for instance, he had finished "the fourth étude of Chopin," the heroine said, "Martin, play the Brahms variations." Next a great Russian performer exclaimed, "Play, if you happen to know it, really know it, I mean, Chopin's fifteenth prelude." He played it "so the rain beat, the gutter choked, the chariots of God thundered overhead, one ray of sunlight gleamed."

The Russian, although he practised for three hours "a couple of passages out of the Waldstein sonata," was no match for Martin. The latter's taste was very modern, and he made fun of the Hallelujah Chorus. Both these men of genius thought that Schumann was "stodgy," but they delighted in Bach. There was no stodginess when Martin got to work on one of the "Suites Anglaises," for, "like a cloudless dawn with the singing of birds after a night of storm and thunder, the exquisite melody

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flowed from his fingers, precise, youthful, and joyous. . . . It sang as a thrush sings, . . . danced in a gavotte, moved slowly in a minuet, and romped through a bourrée like a child."

According to the new psychology, Martin must have been a degenerate, as he could not distinguish clearly between sounds and colors: "C-major is red. And F-sharp is blue—electric blue, like the grotto at Capri," he said. When he played "Chopin's first ballade," the heroine found herself "sitting bolt upright in her chair, with a strange tingling excitement spreading through her, and a heightened and quickened beating of the blood." And no wonder, considering what the piano was doing; "the wild lantern of the storm flared this way and that, and once more again after that stupendous riot in the skies the hot darkness was punctuated by the dreadful melancholy of the dripping rain."

We should have liked to hear a duet played by Martin and a fiddler-hero described in a recent American story, who could play "Wieniawski's B-flat concerto":

> First came a slow pure clematis of melody, delicate, archly fair, innocently unfolding, shyly confiding to a close. Then a rhythmic, vigorous second underran it, overbore it, nearly obliterated it, and the duality became a struggle—a struggle with an ache in it.

The only musical instrument which has not yet invaded the novel is the phonograph. But we shall doubtless soon be told how Jessamine carefully adjusted the disk, and how the full-throated melody seemed to make the Great Caruso a visible presence. The novelist may forget to add that the hero at once escaped through the low Tudor window and lighted a cigarette.

## AUSTRALASIAN LITERATURE.

SYDNEY, June 12, 1907.

"No age can write its own history" or its own political biographies. James Drummond's "Life and Work of Richard John Seddon" (Christchurch and London: Whitcombe & Tombs) is able and painstaking; the writer has lived through the events that he narrates, and, as a journalist, has closely followed them day by day; though an admirer, he is not a blind partisan, and his work is reasonably impartial. As an account of the political history of New Zealand in the last quarter of a century, it may be accepted as eminently useful, if not quite definitive. For there are passages in the narrative where the stage is not as fully illuminated as it needs to be truly seen, and where important personages and incidents are left in shadow. Thus, the circumstances connected with Mr. Seddon's appointment to the premiership, in 1893, and the share of the Governor therein are not all related. The consequent struggle for the premiership between Seddon and the present chief justice of New Zealand, which should have found a separate chapter, has been ignored. All hung on that. Had it been otherwise settled, New Zealand, and after it Australia, would assuredly not have committed themselves so strongly, and might never have committed themselves at all, to intervention in the Boer war. The spirit of Imperialism would have been checked. The reaction of the Australasian colonies on the Motherland would have been weaker and less injurious. That victory not won, all Seddon's future would have been a blank and his past valueless. Certain chapters are, moreover, inadequate. While the history of the female suffrage movement, from its inception, is carefully given, the later stages of it are slurred over, because a true narrative would have reflected disadvantageously on the subject of the biography. Still more inadequate, to the extent of being positively false, is the account of the introduction of the Licensing bill. Nor is it true that the overwhelming majority at the polls in 1893 was for Seddon; it might have been for Stout; in reality, it was for a strict temperance measure, to which the ex-publican was opposed. In describing the impending bankruptcy of the Bank of New Zealand, only averted by the prompt action of the Government, Mr. Drummond does not mention Justice Gillies, who precipitated the crisis. Even when he has single happenings to tell of, he sometimes passes them by. He makes no mention of the two strokes of paralysis that foreshadowed Seddon's premature death, or the consequent trip to the South Sea Islands, big with consequences. The narrative of the fatal, and yet glorious, visit to Australia falls far short of the reality.

Mr. Drummond is not entirely to blame for the omissions and perversions. He was writing in the lifetime of his hero, when the whole truth could not be told. He was treading on the embers of still-smouldering fires. We can less easily forgive him for not making the most of his opportunities. Has he "no feeling for his business" that he has no word for the solemn arrival of the coffin in New Zealand at dead of night, when the crash of cannon from the warships "smashed the morning," and echoes rolled round and round the hill-encircled city? We also miss living portraits of the various personages mentioned, who pass before us like shadows. Yet Seddon's career was so remarkable that his biography furnishes lessons of all kinds for the public men of other countries. To American readers the chief interest of the book will be found in the detailed history of the labor legislation in which he played so large a part.

Mr. Seddon, who was a son of Anak, was a legitimate descendant of another Titan, Frederick Edward Maning, the author of "Old New Zealand, by a Pakeha Maori" (Whitcombe and Tombs). Pakeha Maori was the designation given to a white man living among the Maoris in the days that preceded the British annexation of the islands. Such Pakehas lived with the Maoris as the French settlers in Old Canada lived with the Indians. Maning married the daughter of a Maori chief, and reared a "dusky brood." An immigrant, he was naturalized as a member of a powerful tribe; a gentleman by birth, he at once became "a *rangatira* of the first water," or chief; an educated man (he was the grandson of a vice-provost of Trinity College, Dublin), he was consecrated a *tohunga*, or priest, but to the last, he refused to divulge the mysteries of his order, though he always wrote of the *tohungas* with execration. The manners, usages, and sentiments of the Maoris he did, however, describe in a volume that is doubtless unique. For the first time the life of a savage people was related from within. The *tapu* (taboo, both consecration and excommunication) in all its forms and variants, with the terrible penalties consequent on the breach of it; *muru*, or legal robbery; *mana*, or prestige, are precisely defined and strikingly illustrated. The approach of an armed band, the war-dance, and the *tangi* (lament) are vividly described. A lurid sketch of a spiritualist *séance* shows Tyler's assertion, that these things belong to the stage of barbarism, to be correct. On such occasions all were, quite literally, in deadly earnest; and Maning's account of the "atmosphere of belief," the "taking of the feelings by storm," and the completeness of the deception would furnish a commentary on Bagehot's essay on "the emotion of conviction." His remarks on suicide prove the falsity of Durkheim's generalization. All this and much else form a happy hunting-ground for the sociologist, while the narrative is picturesque, often amusing, and at times enthralling.

There would seem to be a great gulf fixed, between the roystering Lever of Maori life and the decorous missionary's son, who lost his judgeship for exposing the corruption of the Native Lands Department in New Zealand. Yet they had much in common. In his later and respectable days, the Bohemian was appointed a judge of the Native Lands Court, and both he and Wilson are authorities of the first rank on everything relating to the Maoris. As a judge, John Alexander Wilson was exceptionally well placed for understanding the institutions and ascertaining the traditions of the Maoris, and his "Story of Te Waharoa; together with sketches of ancient Maori Life and History" (Whitcombe and Tombs) is a "documented" twin treatise of high importance. It has been compiled from the MSS. of his father, who was one of the earliest missionaries, from unwearied personal inquries, and from the records of the courts. Judge Wilson is no such racy writer as Maning, and no such vivid sketches light up his pages. He is historical, where Maning is descriptive. His materials carry him back hundreds of years—to the times preceding the later Maori immigrations. He carefully distinguishes the earlier from the later strata of the population, and traces their separate usages to the two different but afterwards blended strands. (Here, however, it must be interpolated that his results, which have been disputed, must be carefuly sifted and not always implicitly accepted.) He describes lucidly their primitive communism and its gradual break-up. He tells of the women who led migrations and founded tribes, who caused tribes to be annihilated from revenge, who headed bands of Amazons and routed the enemy; but he tells also of women who got doomed villages to be spared, and who terminated inveterate hostilities by their mediation. The publishers who are re-issuing these New Zealand classics, handsomely got up and cheaply

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priced, have earned the gratitude, not only of New Zealanders, but of all who are interested in the life and the history of savage peoples.

In a new and interesting preface Judge Wilson states, not as a belief, but as a fact, that a fair race preceded in New Zealand the immigration of the two brown races. Just this conclusion had Prof. Macmillan Brown arrived at in the articles now reprinted as "Maori and Polynesian," (London: Hutchinson). There he applies the thesis to the stratification of races in the Western Pacific with a wealth of erudition and a power of imaginative presentment that have no previous parallel in the same field. All that the author asks is that his argument shall receive an unprejudiced hearing. The evidence in favor of the conclusion seems preponderant, but in any case the volume is one of surpassing interest and scientific importance.

Political economy would appear to be out of date in these colonies; where ministers scout it, and legislation flies in its face, where political economy societies die out and an uncut copy of the "Wealth of Nations," with McCulloch's "Dissertations," can be bought for a shilling. Yet we are called on (a little late in the day) to notice a bold bid for a re-hearing of its claims. Fathers have sometimes had to continue the work of their sons, like that of "the apostle" Eliot, but H. Stanley Jevons more fittingly continues the work of his distinguished father ("Essays in Economics," Sydney: Angus & Robertson; also Macmillan). The late Professor Jevons was the founder of what his son names the Hedonic School in Economics. The economic theories of Adam Smith, when expounded in Glasgow College, startled the Glasgow merchants, and when Professor Jevons broached the views afterwards developed in "The Theory of Political Economy," the shrewd Lancashire cotton-spinners suspected that much learning or, rather, over-much abstract reasoning had affected the professor's sanity. There was literally a method in his madness, however. Taken up by Gossen, the new method has since been elaborated by Professor Pantaleone of Rome, and it is now being applied to the chief economic doctrines by Jevons's own son. His object is to fill up some of "the numerous gaps to be found in all existing text-books," and he shows no lack of originality in carrying out his plan. The book abounds in new terms, new definitions, new laws, new results. The distinctive feature of the method is the application to economic facts of the curves, perhaps first used by Babbage. It is here applied to the themes of Pleasure and Pain, Utility, Labor, Exchange and Capital, Rent, and Production. The variations of the curves are described, and their causes elucidated. The new developments not only found the science on psychology, but bring it into close connection with mathematics and mechanics. Political economy is thus treated as an exact science, to be cultivated effectively only by those who are trained in the methods of the physical sciences. Few are as well fitted to advance it as the young professor who relinquished a career as a geologist in Sydney in order to return to England and pursue an hereditary vocation.

A new note in Australian poetry is struck in "The Secret Key and Other Verses," by George Essex Evans (Sydney: Angus & Robertson; London: Australian Book Company). The "weird melancholy" of the bush had spread like a pall over earlier Australian verse, because it was sung by defeated men in a country where man had still an unequal battle to wage with nature. There are elegies and threnodies in this collection, but the pæan is now the measure, and it is raised by singers who are confident of themselves and proud of their country. Mr. Evans has succeeded Brunton Stephens as the poet-laureate of "Earth's mightiest isle." In a finely touched "Australian Symphony," with "undertones, weird, mournful, strong," he prophesies:

> Not as the songs of other lands
> Her song shall be,
> Where dim, Her purple shore-line stands
> Above the sea!
> As erst she stood she stands alone;
> Her inspiration is her own.

He celebrates her historical events and her great days, her notable men and her "women of the west," in the musical verse of one to whom rhythmical utterance is a necessity. We understand the place and function of poets when we read such poems. They furnish their portion of the æsthetic accompaniment without which the history of a country would be as incomplete as a symphony without counterpoint.

Australian fiction is changing, like Australian poetry, and it is finding in the life of its cities themes less melancholy than the bush had supplied. Almost every man has passed once at least through a critical period when his life neared or reached a tragic point, and is fit to be presented in æsthetic form. So in "Bubble Reputation," by Alfred Buchanan (Melbourne: George Robertson & Co.), a collegian turned journalist skilfully blends a narrative that has the ring of autobiography with the story of the progress of the labor movement. Indigenous in substance, it is mimetic in form. Gertrude Atherton is widely read and intensely admired in Australia, and one of her books has had the honor of being publicly cited by a State attorney-general. "Bubble Reputation" is one of the offspring of that passionate and realist tale, "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times." The general conduct of the story is similar in both; it works up to a like crisis, and many of the characters could be arranged in pairs. Most of those in the Australian novel are well-known figures in Sydney society and public life. The labor minister, who is meditating apostasy in order to become fashionable; the leader of the bar; the leader of the Opposition; the labor leaders and their intrigues; the press and the editor; "dæmonic" women, and the Sydney buck—are all skilfully drawn. The enchanting background of the Australian Corinth and its intoxicating nights, where the "Hymn to Proserpine" is more in keeping than "St. Agnes's Eve," the Randwick race course and its fascinations, are so described as to be realized. It is perhaps the first Australian fiction where the new social variety called Australian life, in all its brightness and gayety, has at last been vividly portrayed.

J. C.

## NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

George Meredith's first book, a volume of "Poems," published with the imprint of John W. Parker & Son, in 1851, has always been the scarcest of the first editions of this author's writings. Of the copies that turn up in the market, fully one-half, it should seem, are presentation copies. The book apparently had a very small sale, and the author may have kept copies by him which he disposed of by giving them to his friends. We have recently seen a letter which shows that the book was printed at the author's expense, that the edition was 500 copies, and that 100 only were bound at the time of publication. This letter, which was written to I. Vizitelly, the printer of the book, is dated only "Weybridge, Thursday noon." It is, in full, as follows:

> Will you have the kindness to send me your account for the printing (500 copies), together with the binding of 100 volumes, immediately? as I am anxious to know whether the amount has overstept my calculations, or not. I trust the publication of the volume will not be delayed beyond Saturday & that I shall receive a volume from you on Sunday morning? Not receiving the Dedication and Titlep. has made me fear another delay.

The edition of Meredith's "Evan Harrington," published in New York by Harper & Bros., is dated 1860, whereas the first English edition, published by Bradbury & Evans, is dated 1861. It is probable that the latter was actually published in the autumn of 1860, and post-dated, as was the custom. Harper's edition was probably printed from an advance set of proof-sheets, or possibly from a transcript of the author's manuscript. There are several differences in wording on the first page, but no extended word for word comparison of the two editions has been made.

Three other books by Meredith were first issued in book form in the United States. "The House on the Beach" was included in Harper's Half Hour Series, in 1877. It was a small 32mo pamphlet, price 20 cents, but is now very rare. "The Case of Gen'l Ople and Lady Camper" and "The Tale of Chloe" were published at 25 cents each by the John W. Lovell Company in 1890, the first being issued under date of June 23, and the second under date of July 7. These three stories were first collected in England in 1894.

Reports have been received on a few lots at the sale of the library of the Dukes of Altemps, sold by Sotheby, July 8. A Homer in Greek, printed on vellum (only two others known), at Rome, 1542-51, four volumes, in the original Venetian binding of brown morocco on heavy oak boards, brought £251. Raoul le Fevre's "Recueil des Histoires de Troyes," Lyon, 1490, lacking title and two other leaves (one probably a blank), brought £175. An undescribed edition of Cato in Italian, twenty-six leaves, brought £21.

The world of letters owes too much to the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul for his death (July 4) to pass without notice. He was a Maecenas, not of the men of letters themselves, but of their literary remains. He had passed his life and spent his fortune in saving from destruction the original manuscripts of books, letters, household accounts, marginal scribblings of the great French writers of the nineteenth century; his industry extended to printers'

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proofs corrected by the author. All these, with first editions, he stored and classified and described in his great private house at Brussels. The whole collection now goes, by his will, to the Institut de France, to be kept for students' reference and visitors' curiosity in the Château of Chantilly, left for such purposes with all his own collections by the Duc d'Aumale. The scrutinizing Vicomte had been at work for more than half a century. After Balzac's death he rescued manuscripts from butcher and baker and corner grocer, who were using them to wrap up their merchandise. Some one, of course, had cast them aside as refuse after the voluminous writer's death. Material was found for more than one volume of unpublished Balzaciana, among the rest a "bourgeois" tragedy which was found in a corrected proof of the author. There were letters of Théophile Gautier in this omnivorous colection; of George Sand and Alfred de Musset; of Alfred de Vigny. From these documents M. de Lovenjoul had already compiled a new species of book, not the least important in the history of literature—his "History of the Works" of Balzac and of Théophile Gautier. During life he was always ready to put his treasures at the disposition of every genuine student; they will now be open to independent research. It is to be hoped that the minute erudition of the collector has been left in some manageable shape, like an annotated catalogue of his unique collection.

# Correspondence.

## E. L. GODKIN AND JOHN CASSELL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have been reading with very great interest Mr. Rollo Ogden's "Life of Edwin Lawrence Godkin." The early connection of Godkin with the firm of Cassell is mentioned, but Mr. Ogden could not identify the magazine of which he was the sub-editor. I think I can supply this information, and also show that the work was excellent training for Godkin's future. John Cassell was a native of Manchester, where, after working in the factory, he became a carpenter. In the early days of the temperance movement—in 1833—he heard a lecture by Thomas Whittaker (the father of the present Sir T. P. Whittaker), and became an ardent advocate of "teetotalism." With a watchman's rattle, as he passed from village to village, he called the people together to hear what he had to say on the subject. After establishing a profitable business in the sale of coffee, he became also a publisher. He first started with the *Teetotal Times*, and then in 1848 began the *Standard of Freedom*. On January 5, 1850, he issued the first number of the *Working Man's Friend and Family Instructor*, and it came to an end March 26, 1853. It was a soberly written paper, appealing in the main to the skilled artisan class with whose thoughts and needs Cassell was familiar. The contributors included William and Mary Howitt, Frederika Bremer, Charles Swain, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Jules Verne, Émile Montegut, and others. The magazine was issued at a penny a week, and contained tales, sketches, poems, lessons in French, and a wide variety of other matters. The ideals were self-help, universal peace, the widening of the franchise, religious equality, free trade, temperance, and all that which in 1850 was meant by the Radicals when they used the word "Progress."

One of Cassell's many ideas was that of encouraging working men and women to attempt literary composition—an excellent idea in many ways. He may have thought that he would thus make vocal some mute Milton and render him glorious, but apart from that desire a full knowledge of the mother tongue is best attained by a serious effort at expression. Those who have struggled with the difficulties of intelligibly and adequately stating their own thoughts will be all the readier to appreciate the greatness of the masters of style. Cassell did not find any Shakespeares or Miltons among the workmen. Perhaps his greatest discoveries were Janet Hamilton, the Scotch shoemaker's wife, whose homely verses gained her a meed of fame, and John Alfred Langford, a chairmaker, who afterwards attained distinction as a journalist and as the historian of Birmingham. But "The Literature of Working Men," as these monthly supplements were styled, caused something of a sensation and excited the interest of Cobden and other friends of education. It was an English parallel to the "Lowell Offering," and all the more remarkable because the average of popular education was lower in Great Britain than in the United States.

In this *Working Man's Friend* appeared the series of illustrated articles which, after much recasting, omission, and revision, became Godkin's "History of Hungary." There are similar series on "China and the Chinese," on "Egypt, its Edifices and Its People," "The Holy Land," "Spain and Its People," and "Russia and the Russians," which have much the same characteristics as the Hungarian series. They are frankly compilations, but the dry facts are from time to time illuminated by comment, which, if it has the "profundity of youth," has also its strength and sympathy. When the *Working Man's Friend* ceased to be published, its place was taken by the *Popular Educator* and by the *Illustrated Magazine of Art*. The curious in such matters may see in this first magazine issued by John Cassell the germ of most of the departments of literature in which the firm he founded afterwards became so important. He died at the early age of forty-eight in 1865.

The *Working Man's Friend*, with its supplements, makes nine duodecimo and three quarto volumes. Once only do we find the name of Edwin L. Godwin, and that is as the author of a sketch entitled "A Christmas in Rathnagru" (December 25, 1852, p. 197). This is a weird story of a college duel and of the visitations of the banshee to a country house. It is sufficient to show that Godkin might have done something notable in fiction if he had cultivated imaginative literature. This latent talent for story-telling remained undeveloped.

William E. A. Axon.

Southport, England, July 5.

## PROFESSOR BUGGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The death of Prof. Sophus Bugge of Christiania is not only a loss to Norwegian scholarship and Germanic philology, but constitutes for many students of this branch of learning a distinctly personal bereavement. You will, therefore, perhaps allow one who during his student days enjoyed the good fortune of having Professor Bugge for his *privatpraeceptor*, to add a few remarks of a more personal nature to your announcement of this scholar's death.

Professor Bugge's attainments may be said to be a matter of common fame, having been recognized by learned institutions the world over; but when it comes to an appreciation of Bugge's character and influence, mention must be made, first of all, of that beauty of temper, that all-permeating kindliness of heart, which made out of every pupil, out of every one with whom he came into personal contact, a friend and lifelong admirer. Those who had the opportunity to study under Bugge—to listen to his lectures on the Eddas, on Runic Inscriptions, Sanscrit, Gothic, etc.—will ever cherish the picture of this teacher with the great head that seemed so weighted down by thought and study that it was always rocking in one direction or another, with the large, kindly, veiled eyes, almost hidden behind a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, and they will consider it one of their life assets—as does the present writer—that they have sat at the feet of this Gamaliel. Bugge's teaching was scholarly and scientific to a degree, and he knew how to instill into his listeners his own spirit of scientific courage combined with modesty and reserve; and even if he could not transfer to them his own gift of intuition in emendation and interpretation, they could not but be helped and inspired by the presence of genius. The present writer knows of only one academic teacher who in the matter of inspiring students could be compared with Bugge, namely, Prof. Eduard Sievers of Leipzig; there may be others, but Bugge will always be classed in the front rank.

Bugge's lasting contribution to science will, no doubt, have to be sought as much in that almost innumerable series of monographs which are found scattered in learned magazines in many languages and countries, and relating to the several branches of philological research, and in the many suggestions which with lavish hand he contributed to the works of others, as in his own numerous independent publications.

Among these latter his edition of the Eddic poems—whereof Vigfusson rightly remarks that Bugge has thrown "light on many obscure places by the happy and *certain* emandations which by some gift of divination he had the secret of making"—will always maintain a high position. His last important work, the publication of the Norwegian Runic Inscriptions, was commenced in 1891, and its first volume, in six parts, completed in 1903. The second part of the second volume has been, since 1904, announced as "in the press"; it can, therefore, confidently be hoped that this thesaurus was completed by Bugge's own hand before his death. His "Studies on the Origin of the old Scandinavian Mythical and Heroic Tales" have, on the other hand, proved more fruitful in suggestions and discussions than in establishing any certain results. That Bugge was right in the main

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principle, there can be little doubt, but the details are still *sub judice*.

Linked, as he was, by ties of the most intimate friendship, to scholars in all the Scandinavian countries, Bugge could not help being distressed by the growing enmity between Swedes and Norwegians during the latter years of the Scandinavian Union, and he did all in his power to promote friendship between the peoples. Thus when some years ago, his pupils and friends subscribed a fund to perpetuate Bugge's name at the Christiania University, he decided that the money should be employed as an endowment for scholarships for Norwegian students at Danish and Swedish universities; and he was one of the prime movers in the establishment of an exchange of professors between the Scandinavian universities, by which Swedish professors have been giving a series of lectures in Christiania and Copenhagen, Danish in Norway and Sweden, Norwegian in Sweden and Denmark. He hoped greatly that in this way the Scandinavian peoples, and particularly the student class, might come to a better mutual understanding. Nevertheless, Bugge appreciated the necessity of the rupture, and was a loyal adherent of the new order of things.

To Bugge is truly applicable that saying of the old Norwegian sage and poet: "Chattels die, kinsmen die, one's self dies, the same; but the report of good fame never dies for whoever attains it." Or, as Euripides says:

Πολλῶν δακρύων ἔσται πίτυλος· τῶν γὰρ μεγάλων ἀξιοπενθεῖς φῆμαι μᾶλλον κατέχουσι.

P. GROTH.

New York, July 9.

## PROFESSOR MÜNSTERBERG AND THE IDAHO TRIAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When I returned two weeks ago from Boisé to Boston, the newspapers circulated a few remarks which I made concerning Harry Orchard's subjective truthfulness. The reaction followed immediately. At first I was blamed for trying to influence the court and the jury. As next step came the inevitable: some lawyers of the defence told the world, and the Socialistic papers echoed it, that the whole thing is graft. I had been the "guest" of the prosecution and had simply been "paid" to spread interviews favorable for Orchard. And, finally, in the last week, the serious papers began to show that "modern psychology" has made a failure, as my interviews contained, after all, only observations which any one might make without eight hours of psychological experimenting, and that the time of my trip thus seems wasted. The opinion, "seriously entertained by intelligent Bostonians," that there exist psychological methods of examining the "truth-telling powers" of a witness seems thus exposed to deserved ridicule. As long as the criticism referred to me personally, I kept silent, with the intention to wait till the trial is over, but since it turns now against "psychology," I feel obliged to break my silence.

As to my short remarks about Orchard's truthfulness before the end of the trial, I plead these extenuating circumstances. First, I absolutely refused to speak a word for publication in Boisé; all the interviews which I discovered later in Eastern papers were written without my humble coöperation. Secondly, my remark that Orchard believes now what he says came out in the following way: I had been four days and nights in the hot sleeper, reached Boston late, overfatigued, and had still half an hour's trip in the accommodation train from Boston to Clifton. In this half-hour I found at my side a gentleman who told me that his paper wanted a few words concerning Orchard, and that he did not wish to trouble me at the station, but he thought I might have time for it in the train, which he had boarded for that purpose. I refused at first everything, but as I had to sit with him half an hour, we entered into conversation, and I acknowledged finally that in my opinion Orchard's confession is substantially reliable. I was overtired, and did not think at all of the possibility that such remark would go beyond the Boston morning paper. Of course, the next morning, when it was out, and was wired over the land, I could not avoid explaining to a new interviewer in a few words the way in which I had reached that opinion. That was all. I may add, thirdly, that I knew, of course, that my inquiries could not come into the court room in any form, and that the jury had no chance to read a line about the case in the papers; the idea of influencing the trial is thus not in question.

As to the hint that I was the "guest" of the prosecution or that I was "paid" by some one for these extracted interviews I do not think it necessary to answer or to defend myself. But in justice to all concerned I want to say emphatically that no one at any stage of my investigations or before or after dared even to suggest to me that I—with or without pay—ought to find material in favor of Orchard. On the contrary, every one respected the complete objectivity of my methods, and every one knew that I had a strictly scientific and not a legal, still less a commercial, interest in the case. The fact is that on the first day after seeing Orchard on the witness stand all my personal antipathy went to him and my sympathy to Haywood, and stayed there till to-day, but my psychological studies had nothing to do with such feelings.

Now, as to these studies: am I really to blame that I have abstained from any report of my observations and experiments? As soon as the trial is over I shall report in scientific archives what I have found, and, as public interest is awake and as the value of experimental psychology for the court room deserves full discussion, I shall try to sketch at least some of the methods and results also in popular form. To-day I cannot do anything but beg serious readers not to judge the methods of psychology from accounts which do not give the slightest idea of the real experiments involved. If I had really drawn my conclusions as to Orchard's reliability from those superficial impressions which the papers reported, I should feel morally obliged to resign the chair of psychology in Harvard University. I may say at least to-day that the chief proof lies for me in certain results of the time measurement of associations, a complex method which has been developed for legal purposes in the last two or three years. To deny that the experimental psychologist has indeed possibilities of determining the "truth-telling powers" is just as absurd as to deny that the chemical expert can find out whether there is arsenic in a stomach or whether blood spots are of human or of animal origin. I shall show my methods in all detail, and beg only that the newspaper trial against experimental psychology be postponed till the trial against Haywood is ended.

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG.

Clifton, Mass., July 12.

# Notes.

The next volume of the Highways and Byways Series, to be published by Macmillan in the autumn, will take up Kent, Walter Jerrold writing the text and Hugh Thomson doing the illustrations.

Two more volumes have been added to the Dent-Putnam Classiques Français: Montesquieu's "Lettres Persanes," with Preface by Émile Faguet, and "Contes Choisis" of Voltaire, with Preface by Gustave Lanson.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. announce a New Handy Information Series, with such titles as "How to Play Golf," "How to Play Chess," "Handy Book of Card Games," "Handy Book of Synonyms," and "How to Keep Well."

Henry Frowde is reprinting, from the Proceedings of the British Academy, Prof. William Ridgeway's paper on "The Date of the First Shaping of the Cuchulainn Saga."

John W. Luce & Co. have arranged to bring out in the autumn an American edition of Agnes Tobin's "On the Death of Madonna Laura," which was reviewed in the *Nation* last week.

Among the autumn announcements of L. C. Page & Co. are: "Castles and Chateaux of Old Navarre," by Francis Miltoun; "Castles and Keeps of Scotland," by F. R. Fraprie; "Turkey and the Turks," by W. S. Monroe; "Umbrian Cities of Italy," by J. W. & A. M. Cruickshank; "A Woman's Journey Through the Philippines," by Florence Kimball Russell; "Mexico and Her People To-day," by Nevin O. Winter, and "Old New England Inns," by Mary Caroline Crawford.

D. H. Bates's memories of "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office" will be published in book form by the Century Company this autumn.

The Mayor of Lichfield makes an appeal for money to restore the house in which Samuel Johnson was born, and which since 1901 has been a public museum and memorial of the illustrious moralist. The building, unfortunately, has for lack of funds fallen into a state of dangerous decay.

A hitherto unknown work of Gobineau has been discovered by Prof. W. Schemann of Freiburg, i. B., and is to be published in the near future under the title of "La troisième République Française et ce qu'elle veut," the chief purpose of the book being to lay bare and warn against the dangers of intellectual centralization in France. In general the book gives an interesting picture of the intellectual life under the third republic, the most attractive chapter being perhaps that on Napoleon III. and his ef-

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forts, exerted in vain, to combat the growing power of the bureaucracy.

The Garibaldi centenary should be useful in gathering indications of genuine experiences written out at the time. The dozen South American years have so far been totally neglected. For the Expedition of the Thousand, France has, besides Marc Monnier's newspaper correspondence, Dumas *père's* "Garibaldiens," Ulric de Fonvielle's letters, with Edouard Lockroy's drawings, in *Le Monde Illustré*, and Maxime Du Camp—all of the Thousand. Lockroy is still an active member of Parliament. Gen. Türr, the hero's *alter ego*, is still able if he wishes, to write the most desirable of memoirs.

The interest excited in the memoirs which were pretty certainly left by the late Count Nigra, but which for obvious reasons may not be given to the public for a long time, should not lead to forgetfulness of the valuable literary work connected with his career and published during his lifetime. His historical importance is due to the fact that he was the disciple, bosom friend, diplomatic agent, and international representative of Cavour, whose work he was charged with continuing. There is no one left in Europe, not even the venerable Visconti-Venosta, who has had the same experience in length of time and European extent of the men who transformed the Continent after 1848. Emperor Francis Joseph, it is true, still remains, but he was limited to his post, and is not likely to write memoirs. What could be told discreetly Count Nigra published during his lifetime in his "Ricordi Diplomatici"—personal impressions of a vanished world. The letters written to himself by the Comtesse de Circourt, and those of Cavour to that lady of the historic Salon, are of the highest value to all who wish to know something of the inside of history. Folk-lorists will remember his "Popular Songs of Piedmont"; and Italians may still pride themselves on his translation of the Greek Hymns of Callimachus. It was Massimo d'Azeglio who counselled him to cultivate poetry as a relief from statesmanship, pointing to his own example in painting. But at that time it was also thought that the training in statesmanship included a knowledge of the world of the past as well as that of the present.

The conferring the honorary degree of LL.D. on the King of Siam by the University of Cambridge during his recent visit to England, was not a tribute to mere royalty, but to the man himself. He is the first sovereign of Siam, to quote from Dr. Sandys, the public orator of the occasion, who had set before him, as the law of his existence, that it was the duty of a king to live, not for himself alone, but for the good of his people. He had no sooner ascended the throne than he became the foster-father, the preserver and defender, the liberator and educator of his people. His zeal for education was shown by the fact that not a few of the royal princes had been sent to Harrow and other great schools, and to both Oxford and Cambridge. Among his gifts to the university library were thirty-nine volumes of the Sacred Books of Siam, and the success of the Cambridge Ethnological Expedition of 1899 was largely owing to his Majesty's hospitality and generosity.

The serious problem of the unemployed in England is being solved by the National Institution of Apprenticeship. The majority of the unemployed, said Lord Avebury in an address at a meeting held on June 28, in the Mansion House, and presided over by the Lord Mayor, "were so because they were unskilled laborers," and their great number was largely due to the diminution of apprenticeships. Accordingly, the institution was founded in 1905, "in order that boys and girls should start life with the advantage not only of a liberal education and training given in the schools, but also with a practical training which was to be had in the workshop." Since its work began, over 200, mostly boys, have been apprenticed, and applicants for places now exceed forty per week. On the registers of the institution there are the names of more than 400 carefully selected masters, many of them ranking among the most important in their respective trades, who have taken, or agreed to take, apprentices from the institution. The only qualifications required of an applicant are his or her respectability and fitness for the selected trade. No question of religion or party politics is asked. It lends money for premiums when necessary, and supervises the apprenticeships so as to ensure as far as practicable that the apprentices are properly taught their trades and do their duty to their masters.

In France, where this kind of research is particularly cultivated, a third prehistoric congress is to be held between the 13th and the 18th of August in Autun, Burgundy, under the auspices of the Société Préhistorique de France. The first congress of this kind was held in Périgueux, in 1903, and the second in Vannes, in 1906. Autun is the classical Augustodunum, which under Augustus took the place of the ancient Bibracte, described by Cæsar and Strabo as the oldest and most important town in Gallia Lugdunensis. It is to-day the chief site for prehistoric research in France, especially in regard to military camps and fortifications, which is to be the leading theme of the coming congress. The museums and antiquities of Antun will be carefully studied by the members of the congress, and a three days' excursion to important archæological sites in the neighborhood constitutes a part of the programme.

The committee of the New York Library Association on library institutes reports that the plan first adopted last year, of dividing the libraries of the State into numerous small groups and holding a single day's meeting at the centre of each of these groups, has proved an even more decided success this year than last. In all, twenty-eight meetings were held, at which the number of libraries represented ranged from two to eighteen, and the attendance from six to thirty-five. The average representation was seven libraries and sixteen persons at each meeting. The total attendance for all the meetings numbered 453 persons, representing 207 libraries. These figures show a gain of thirteen libraries and fifty-one persons over the attendance last year, and a gain of more than 100 per cent. over the attendance under the old plan of two years ago. At each meeting, the problems to be discussed were selected by the librarians of the group from a list of twenty-five submitted by the committee. The topics chosen, in the order of their popularity, were as follows: "Book-selection," discussed at seventeen meetings; "Where to Buy Books and How," at thirteen; "Reference Books Most Used," at eleven; "Recent Books," at eight; "Mending Books," at eight; "Liberality to Borrowers," at six; "Fines and Penalties," at six; "Use of Magazines," at six. Fourteen other topics found a place on the programme of one or more meetings. Three topics contained in the list submitted by the committee proved to be of so little interest that they failed to find a place on any programme. These were "Branch Libraries," "Hours of Opening," and the "Accession Book."

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* reports that the educational authorities of the Province of Brandenburg, to which Berlin belongs, have entered into an agreement with a number of English and French educational boards for the purpose of exchanging graduates of the female normal colleges of these three countries. Last year a number of young French women teachers received temporary appointments in Germany with satisfactory results, and the aim of the new negotiations has been to extend this scheme of international exchange in higher educational work. It will be remembered that during the past few years a number of gymnasium teachers in institutions along the French and German borders have been employed as instructors in the practical acquisition of their own tongue in the schools across the national lines.

"Outdoors," by Ernest McGaffey (Scribners), is a reprint in book form of about thirty nature sketches contributed originally to the Chicago *Record*. Papers on various forms of shooting and fishing alternate quite regularly with such bloodless subjects as "Under a Greenwood Tree," "A Northern Nightingale," "In Dim October," and "The Bare, Brown Fields." Mr. McGaffey has the true instinct for outdoor life, but the chapter on "Hunting with Ferrets" betrays a bad flaw in its development. The ferret belongs to the pot-hunter, and any attempt to introduce it into higher society is to be resented.

The Rev. Dr. Allan Pollok, for many years connected with the Presbyterian College of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and now honorary principal of that institution, has embodied in a volume entitled "Studies in Practical Theology" his counsels on the personal life and public duties of the ministry, as they have shaped themselves in the instruction of several generations of theological students (Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons). While the subject of preaching and pulpit preparation is not neglected, much more space is devoted to such topics as the clergyman's life as a student, the conduct of public worship, the administration of the Church and the visitation of the sick, than is usual in homiletical treatises. The best traditions of the Scottish ministry, among which are scholarly industry, personal dignity, unfailing courtesy, and above all things, fidelity and conscientiousness, find a kindly and gentle exponent in Principal Pollok. While it is doubtless true that lectures on pastoral theology never produced a good clergyman, he may be deemed a most unusual minister who finds none of Principal Pollok's pages profitable for correction.

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While Prof. A. L. Hickman's "Geographisch-Statistischer Universal-Taschen-Atlas" (G. Freytag & Berndt, Wien und Leipzig) may not supply a "long-felt want," it does furnish a desirable convenience. This little book, 7"x4"x0.75", is nothing more nor less than a sort of geographical encyclopædia. Besides the maps, sufficiently clear and numerous for ordinary purposes, it contains a mass of political, commercial, politico-economic, etc., data. For example, the "Tables of All the States of the Earth" give in alphabetical order for each continent the name and form of government of each state, the name of the ruler and of his heir, the area, population and density of the capital and other important cities, with their populations, the money system, and the chief products of manufacture and tillage. Especially numerous are the diagrams, in colors, comparing, for example, population of countries and cities, religions, and all the other elements dear to the heart of the statistician. The gold and silver money of each nation of the world is represented in full size. We are obliged to note that in the matter of maps the Americas are not so well treated as Europe. But this apart, the book is one to be kept within reach, for nothing but a turn of the hand is required in its consultation.

Oscar Browning is at pains to inform us in the preface to "The Fall of Napoleon" (John Lane Co.) that his book is intended as a "personal history" of the Emperor during the period 1813-1815; but it must not be inferred from this that he has turned over a new leaf and taken to psychological history after the manner of Lamprecht, or, let us say, Nordau. Far from it; there is nothing in this book of psychology, or of historical research, in the strict sense, or of literary grace in any sense, but only two familiar, if dissimilar, facts, Napoleon and Mr. Browning. His volume is, in fact, a general history of three years of Napoleon's career and shows no very distinctive merit, save that it is not marred by the extreme carelessness of his last book on the same subject. The author is a mild apologist of Napoleon, and has taken Albert Sorel as his chief guide. Of the French historian he says, "his great work on Europe and the French Revolution places him as an historian only second to Taine," a sentiment which many will not echo.

Another aspect of the history of the great Corsican is that dealt with by W. H. P. Phyfe in his "Napoleon, the Return from St. Helena" (Putnams). The book is slight, contains more blank than printed pages, and sets forth the well-known circumstances of the transfer of Napoleon's ashes from St. Helena. There is also a description of the tomb in which he now reposes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued at the Riverside Press a special edition of "The Poems of Maria Lowell," which leaves nothing to be desired in the *simplex munditiis* now aimed at by the best bookmakers in place of the illegible elegancies of the school of William Morris. Maria Lowell was, it need scarcely be said, the first wife of J. R. Lowell, a New England woman of fine spirit and culture. After her early death, in 1853, her husband had a small edition of her poems printed to be distributed among his friends. Before his own death he had in mind to reissue the little volume with various additions; but the project was never carried out, and the present reprint adheres to the original contents. The poems are amateurish in part, with the peculiar thinness of temperament or the spirituality, one scarcely knows which to call it, that marks the lesser New England literature. But it has its distinct charm, and here and there a very genuine beauty, as in this sonnet, which we may transcribe:

In the deep flushing of the Western sky,
The new moon stands as she would fain be gone,
And, dropping earthward, greet Endymion:
If Death uplift me, even thus should I,
Companioned by the silver spirits high
And stationed on the sunset's crimson towers,
Bend longing over earth's broad stretch of bowers,
To where my love beneath their shades might lie;
For I should weary of the endless blue,
Should weary of my ever-growing light,
If that one soul, so beautiful and true,
Were hidden by earth's vapors from my sight,
Should wane and wane as changeful planets do,
And move on slowly, wrapt in my own night.

## OFFICIAL PRAGMATISM.

*Pragmatism.* Popular Lectures on Philosophy. By William James. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

In these lectures delivered at the Lowell Institute and at Columbia University, Professor James presents informally the theory of Pragmatism, which he has adopted, even if he did not devise it. The subject is one well suited to popular treatment, for the pragmatic position is essentially that of the average man, of the man in the street. Furthermore, Professor James has an unconventional way of dealing with philosophical questions, so that by graphic illustration and by simple language he attracts attention and wins assent. He observes that Pragmatism is not a new, but an old, way of thinking. It is indeed as old as Aristophanes, who shows Strepsiades, in the "Clouds," opposing his pragmatic views to the philosophy of Socrates. For the explanation and defence of Pragmatism given by Professor James is simply a quasi-philosophical apology for practical as opposed to philosophical thinking, and *Unphilosophie* has always been applauded by the crowd.

We find in these lectures all the old objections and criticisms which the "plain man" has always made to scientific philosophy. Professor James states these cleverly, and makes the most—as superficial writers have always done—of the inability of philosophers to answer their own questions. He borrows Schopenhauer's sneer at the "professional philosophers," and says that he turns away from "abstraction and insufficiency" towards "concreteness and adequacy, towards facts, towards action, and towards power," being apparently oblivious of the difficulties which lurk in such abstractions as action and power. The "empiricist temper" must be "regnant," and rationalism must be given up, that is, we must be content with skepticism in theory, and with non-rational practice. We are left in doubt, even after Professor James has explained in the simplest language his interesting opinions, what these value-judgments are worth which determine what is true. He says:

The Schiller-Dewey view of truth has been so ferociously attacked by rationalistic philosophers, and so abominably misunderstood, that here, if anywhere, is the point where a clear and simple statement should be made.

About this there can be no question, for Pragmatism stands or falls with its criterium of truth, and with its method of determining how that criterium is justified. Now, what is the "clear and simple statement" made by the author? First, he gets involved in the mere definition of truth, which he says means agreement with reality; for we must determine what is true before we reach reality. Secondly, he speaks of the truth of ideas, which, as a matter of fact, are neither true nor false; and, thirdly, he says that the truth of an idea is not a stagnant property inherent in it, which no sane modern philosopher ever supposed it was. "Truth happens to an idea. It *becomes* true, is *made* true by events." "The true, to put it very briefly, is only the expedient in the way of our thinking, just as the right is only the expedient in the way of our behaving." And again he says: "Grant an idea or belief to be true, what concrete difference will its being true make in any one's actual life?" Now, assuming that truth is not, but is made, how shall we recognize it after events have made it? If it be said, "by its expediency," we must then ask how is expediency determined, and is it true that expediency determines truth? The problem must be solved intellectually. Possibly this is why the lecturer says that the third stage in the career of Pragmatism is where its adversaries assert that they have discovered the theory; for if the theory is to be vindicated it must be by the intellectualist's, not by the pragmatist's method. One is reminded of the identification by Cudworth of morality with the "eternal fitness of things," without an explanation of what makes a thing fit. Professor James declares that it is the same thing to say that an idea is useful because it is true, and to say that it is true because it is useful. But in that case why distinguish the two terms? If they are indistinguishable, either proposition is tautologous and meaningless.

It would be easy to show how this method breaks down when any philosophical problem comes up for solution. A few instances will suffice. Pragmatism, we are told, has no dogmas, because it looks away from "first things, principles, categories, supposed necessities," and looks towards "last things, fruits, consequences, facts"; yet only a page earlier, five mutually exclusive "last things," "consequences," are presented, and their reconciliation arrived at by a principle beside which even the Hegelian dialectic seems childlike and transparent. For, says the Pragmatist, however contradictory to your way of thinking mine may be, if each has a value, each is a true way of thinking. To illustrate: In one room an atheist is scoffing, in another a Christian is praying. If it does not "matter" to the atheist that there is no God, or to the theist that there is one, then why should the rationalist intrude upon the dispute? Both atheist and theist believe what is expedient to each, and so the belief of each must be true. Such a reduction to the absurd of the ancient Protagorean indifferentism is a further proof that the essential fault of Pragmatism is in its test of truth. At bottom the error lies in a kind of intellectual laziness or shiftlessness, a desire to shuffle off the responsibility of the mind. It is the scholastic sister of

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artistic impressionism and moral opportunism.

To take another case, there is the controversy about free-will which Professor James approaches as if he intended to discuss it seriously, but leaves with a few irrelevant remarks, of which the following is a sample: "Free-will pragmatically means *novelties in the world*, the right to expect that in its deepest elements, as well as in its surface phenomena, the future may not identically imitate the past." The same might be said with equal truth of any physical effect. But even if it could not, how could such a proposition as that just quoted be proved pragmatically?

It seems hardly requisite to look further at this form of opinion. It does very well for the average practical man, to whom little matters except the events which occur within touch of his right hand. But to call this superficial empiricism philosophy is like confusing truth and value.

## CURRENT FICTION.

*The Militants.* By Mary Shipman Raymond Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mrs. Andrews is an accomplished story-teller, writing at times with a rhythm and dignity which place her quite above the average. The material of her stories, however, is of most unequal merit, and a slightly defective sense of structure often makes for a too obvious ending. Out of the present volume, "The Militants," more than one story arrests attention; not only for the manner, but for an unusual quality of simple, old-fashioned piety. "The Messenger" even touches upon the supernatural without the flatness commonly attending such risky ventures. The colonel sends out Lieut. Morgan to warn Captain Thornton that Black Wolf has taken the war path. Morgan's companion is delayed by a lame horse, and the young lieutenant rides on alone after nightfall towards the Black Wind mountains. The whole episode is too delicately told to deserve the ignominy of a second-hand narration. Suffice to say that the young soldier is helped by an angelic presence in such a way that neither hero, author nor reader is made in the least ridiculous. This miracle is brought about by two things: Mrs. Andrews's evident sincerity (a single mindedness so complete that to her Indians are as "cruel and filthy" as if no Indian Rights Association had ever undertaken to civilize the white man), and the really lofty key which she sustains throughout.

Like "The Messenger," "The Bishop's Silence" and "The Witnesses" are profoundly religious. Mrs. Andrews is no questioner; apparently a devout churchwoman, she looks out upon the world with sturdy belief. With the pen of to-day, she has rather the mind of a generation ago. In "The Aide-de-Camp," she merely writes an animated love story of the civil war, not quite keeping the pace till the end. The rest of the volume is composed of mediocre, romantic stories of the most conventional pattern. In these the lovely Southern heroine has it all her own way. "Sweet and crisp in the white that Southern girls wear most," she wins the eligible suitor in a variety of settings, by dint of her creamy complexion (one wonders—is it ever cream of tartar?), erratic syntax and conviction of being adorable. In fact to Mrs. Andrews's own personality is due whatever tolerance can be bestowed upon such threadbare tales as "The Little Revenge," "The Governor's Wife," and "The Ivory Gates." Nevertheless, if these be below the mark, on the other hand, it is not often that the magazine story contains such a finely emotional passage as the following:

That the other world of our hope rests on no distant, shining star, but lies about us as an atmosphere, unseen yet near, is the belief of many. The veil of material life shades earthly eyes, they say, from the glories in which we ever are. But sometimes when the veil wears thin in mortal stress, or is caught away by a rushing mighty wind of inspiration, the trembling human soul, so bared, so purified, may look down unimagined heavenly vistas, and messengers may steal across the shifting boundary, breathing hope and the air of a brighter world. And of him who speaks his vision, men say. "He is mad," or "He has dreamed."

*The Fortuna Filly.* By Howel Scratton. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

Food, drink, and horse are the delightful ingredients of this innocent idyl. What cheerful stripling in what rosy hour hath contrived this enchantment? One refuses to admit that it may be a work of elderly art. No person who had ever been reduced to the sense of a digestion, a morning headache, or a code of social morals, could have achieved so light-hearted a record of impossible things. The plot alone is worth the price of the book, whatever that may be. An English baronet, a great furnisher and follower of the turf, though he never bets, has a fair daughter, who has a lover, who is pecuniarily ineligible as a suitor. But the fair daughter has an inspiration in the nick of time, as the lover is almost on the point of departure, in despair, for South Africa—that last infirmary of noble minds. It occurs to her that they may as well make their fortunes by a little skilful plunging on the turf. No sooner said than done. With the aid of an old trainer, the lover's few paltry thousands are speedily transformed into a snug fortune, and everybody, including the baronet father, who seems rather to enjoy his rôle of dupe, is happy. Indeed, everybody is so invincibly good-natured, everybody has such a good time, that the only villain provided is a sorry enough scarecrow. He is not cheerful, but he is so obligingly inept as greatly to increase the general cheerfulness. And oh, the horsy talk, and the viands and beverages that go with it! . . . "A big racing filly, dark bay, with one white hind heel, a lean varmint head, if I may use a doggy simile to a horse, as others have done before me, beautiful shoulders, big hips, with great length from hip to hock, and great flat clean legs, with nice round hoofs." This is one of a score of horses described with caressing care. So are the meals, for that matter. Hungrily, course by course, we follow them from the ox-tail soup to the anchovy toast.

As for the race meetings, they are all youth and success and joy: "All was bright and gay and jolly. Ravishing dresses were everywhere, and the place was a whirl of lace and silk and lingerie, of tiny shoes and tempting ankles, of rosy cheeks and glancing eyes and coquetry and laughter."

Nor are touches of higher sentiment lacking. "Dearest," says the hero to the heroine, between bets, "that song makes me sad. It makes me feel what sordid, worldly creatures we are, struggling for fame and money. I should like to give up everything—my profession and that hateful betting—and live on what we have got, in a tiny cottage by the Cornish sea." But our heroine is made of sterner stuff: she holds him to his task, and he forgets the cottage with the song which painted it upon his sensitive fancy. The winning of the Cambridgeshire makes it possible for him to declare himself to the baronet, who remarks complaisantly, "It is not often that a young man wins the Cambridgeshire and a wife in the same day, but you can have her!"

Delia pressed her father's arm and said, "Thank you, dad!" After which the cheerful pair may be safely left to themselves.

*Spirit Lake.* By Arthur Heming. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Heming's method harks back to the good old days when writers ran with the hounds, and children's books were one-sided and bloodthirsty. His group of Algonquin Indians go out into the Northwest for a winter's shooting and snaring, to bring in furs to the Hudson Bay Company's trader. The author has decided to rejoice with the trapper rather than to agonize with the trapped. Consequently, there is much joyous adventure, with a spirited account of the ways of Indians on the trail, of the manner of chasing various kinds of game, and a capable presentation of the Indian's point of view in business dealings with white men. This is an excellent book for boys just emerging from the stage where they "play Indian," and not yet old enough to relish their Parkman.

*Tippoo Tib.* The Story of his Career in Central Africa. Narrated from his own accounts by Dr. Heinrich Brode and translated by H. Havelock. With a preface by Sir Charles Eliot, K.C.M.G. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This is a unique book. It is the story, told largely in his own words, of the adventurous career of an Arab, who, though a slave-hunter, contributed in no small measure to the civilization of East Africa. Born in Zanzibar about 1835, he was only eighteen years old when he led his first expedition into the interior for slaves and ivory. The profits of this trade in those times may be learned from the fact that on one occasion with beads costing three dollars he bought ivory which he sold for ten thousand dollars, to say nothing of what he got for the natives who brought it to the coast. During nearly forty years of a trader's life he made extensive journeys, and became Sultan of a large territory to the west of Lake Tanganyika, as well as Governor of the Stanley Falls District in the Congo Free State. In 1891 he returned to Zanzibar, and lived quietly there till his death in 1905. He wrote an account of his adventures in Swahili at the suggestion of Dr. H. Brode, an attaché of the German mission, who published the original text, together with a German translation, in the Proceedings of the Institute of Oriental Languages. The present work is substantially a reproduction of

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this autobiography with much additional material, chiefly historical, to make the narrative clearer or to correct obscure and false statements. It is accordingly a valuable addition to the scanty records of East African history.

Tippoo Tib—whose real name was Hamed, this being a nickname, "blinker," given him on account of a tremulous twitching of his eyelids—unlike most of his countrymen, seems to have been especially attracted by Europeans. This may be due to the fact that in one of his early expeditions he found Dr. Livingstone, then on his last journey, in a village without supplies and at the mercy of the natives who were at war with the Arabs. He describes him as an old man who called himself David, supplied his immediate wants, and rescued him from his dangerous position. In Livingstone's "Last Journals" we find this record, "Hameed is certainly very anxious to secure my safety," besides much else concerning their intercourse during the few days they were together. The next traveller whom he was able to assist was Lieut. Cameron, the first man to cross the Dark Continent. Possibly the fact that he had come out to aid Livingstone attracted Tippoo Tib and led him to help the traveller materially on his way. Singularly enough, the German explorer Wissmann, the first to cross the continent from west to east, was obliged to ask his assistance in the interior, which Tippoo Tib readily granted, conducting him in safety to the coast.

But the European with whom he had most to do was Stanley. Their first meeting was at a town on the upper Congo in 1876, of which our hero gives an amusing account. Stanley showed him his repeating rifle, saying: "'With this gun you can fire fifteen shots at a time.' . . . Then I thought in my heart: 'He is lying. That is a rifle with one barrel, and the second thing there must be the ramrod. How can the bullets come one after another out of the one barrel?' And I told him in turn: 'On the Lomami is a bow on which you place twenty arrows, and when you shoot it off the whole twenty fly at once, and every arrow strikes a man.' Then he rose at once, went outside, and fired twelve shots." Stanley pictures him as a "tall, black-bearded man of negroid complexion, in the prime of life, straight and quick in his movements, a picture of energy and strength. He had a fine, intelligent face, with a nervous twitching of the eyes, and gleaming white, perfectly formed teeth." They became good friends, and Tippoo Tib accompanied him with a large number of armed men in his exploration of the Congo River for a considerable time. He was with Stanley also in his expedition for the rescue of Emin Pasha, being left by him at the edge of the great forest to provide carriers for the unfortunate rearguard. The accounts of the two in regard to the disasters which befell this force and their causes differ materially, and it is difficult now to determine which tells the truth.

During the closing years of his life he was the most interesting personage in Zanzibar, as well as an important member of the council. He had two great longings, neither of which was gratified: the one to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, the other to behold the magic land of Europe, of which he had heard so much from his friends, and of whose splendor he had a foretaste when with Stanley he touched at Cape Town. It was certainly a remarkable career, chiefly memorable for the services which he rendered to the four great explorers. But had he been less devoted to money getting, had he used his great ability as a leader to establish and extend his dominion, the whole history of East Africa might have been changed. Instead of being divided between Great Britain and Germany, it might have become a great Mohammedan empire ruled over by Sultan Hamed, alias Tippoo Tib.

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*William Thomas Arnold.* By Mrs. Humphry Ward and C. E. Montague. Manchester: The University Press.

The unobtrusiveness with which this volume is issued is in curious harmony with the character of its subject. It is published not in London, but in a provincial city, it appears almost without advertising, and it bears an imprint which would suggest that it is of interest only to a narrow circle. Its place is on a shelf hitherto scantily furnished. There are few memoirs of journalists, and the section of journalistic biography which concerns itself with men who never occupied an editorial chair, but did practically their whole work as writers of leading articles, is especially small. Dr. Robertson Nicoll's biography of James Macdonell was indeed the only notable book of the kind until this life of William Arnold appeared. The fortunate collaboration of Mrs. Ward, Arnold's sister, and Mr. Montague, one of his journalistic colleagues and friends, has given us here a book of first-rate importance for all students of the history and influence of the press.

William Thomas Arnold was born in 1852 in Tasmania, where his father Thomas Arnold—second son of Arnold of Rugby—was chief inspector of schools. The family returned to England in 1856. The lad was sent to the Oratory School, Birmingham, his father being at that time a Roman Catholic, and afterwards to Rugby, where he became head of the school. He entered University College, Oxford, in 1871 and took his degree in 1875. The desultoriness of his reading prevented his gaining the examination honors which his great abilities had led his friends to expect, but in 1878 he amply retrieved this comparative failure by his success in the competition for the Arnold Essay Prize. He won it with a treatise on "Roman Provincial Administration," which has ever since been the chief English authority on the subject. After spending a short time as a private tutor, he was invited in 1879 to join the staff of the Manchester *Guardian*. He gave himself mainly to the service of that journal, until spinal trouble compelled him to retire in 1898. He removed to London, and contributed to his old paper and other publications, as far as his health would allow, until his death in June, 1904.

The main energy of his life was poured into his writing for the daily press. He had a high ideal of the functions and possibilities of his profession, and a great contempt for the "superior" contributor who sneers at journalism as such. He approved the saying that there is no limit to what a man can do, if he does not care who gains the credit for it, and added that for a man who wished to get things done, there was no work like journalism. He thus took anonymity seriously, and even with a kind of zest, "bearing himself to his paper," Mr. Montague tells us, "as a Jesuit to the Order." This attitude, however, was obviously conditional on the character of the newspaper to be served, which must not be a hoarding for the posters of a party or a mere reflection of public opinion, but an instrument of civilization. There must be "no uncritical assents, in politics, morals or criticism, to fashionable second-bests." Those who are familiar with the place the Manchester *Guardian* has held for many years in English journalism will understand that Arnold found in its employment ample scope for the exercise of his talent without the risk of parasitism or quackery.

At the beginning of his career Arnold saw that the journalist's necessity of making up his mind quickly on points of evidence required him to maintain the constant discipline of scholarly research, if he would be saved from superficiality. He must be able, at least, to bring an expert's methods to those subjects to which he could not bring an expert's knowledge. Arnold's historical studies not only safeguarded him in this respect, but directly contributed to the sane judgment of contemporary politics. And in several subjects in which Arnold was not himself an expert he kept himself aware of what the experts were doing. When these experts met him, they were surprised to come upon what Mr. Montague happily calls "unexpected pockets" of special knowledge in Arnold's mind. M. Augustin Filon, for example, discovered that Arnold knew better than he the mass of French verse of Dryden's age, and other friends occupied on subjects far away from Roman history would hear from him of important foreign monographs which he feared they might otherwise overlook. The sudden emergence of a new topic found him well equipped with the material for its discussion. To the working journalist, one of the most interesting passages in this book is the account of Arnold's mass of cuttings, notes, and references "arranged in concentric circles about him; the most vital parts re-read and digested; the next in order of value merely indexed in his mind and kept ready to his hand by the help of some 378 spacious pigeon-holes, the outer ring of material, not preserved bodily, but kept within call by notes of its whereabouts, filed in the appropriate pigeon-hole."

It is clear that Arnold owed much of his effectiveness in journalism to his Oxford training, but one is rather surprised to find that he considered the Universities a poor school of style. Mr. Montague reports him as complaining that most Oxford Honors men seemed to need a year in a newspaper office "to unlearn their journalese." An appendix consisting of a few specimens of Arnold's leading articles would have been of assistance to us in estimating his own qualities as a writer. As it is, the few extracts, mainly from his letters, quoted here and there in the book, show a style deserving rather higher praise than Mr. Montague is inclined to give it. Mr. Montague himself evidently prefers a

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more "exquisite" literary manner, but every one will not agree with him. With so much necessity of rapid writing it was no slight merit in Arnold's style that it should be so "fluffless"; that there should be "no inky humming and ha-ing, or clearing of the literary throat." We are told, too, that he had a keen sense of the moral value of words, recognizing how fanaticism is bred by the extravagance into which men are betrayed by their ignorance of the exactly-proportioned word, or by the laziness which prevents their taking the pains to find it.

There is much that could be said of Arnold's patriotism, of his social charm, of his generosity, of his sympathy with the suffering of others, and of his cheerful fortitude in his own. He lived his life on a high plane, and to the story of its altruistic devotion might fitly be applied, many of the lines written in Rugby Chapel by his distinguished uncle in memory of that Arnold in whose heart was no languor, and in whose word no weakness.

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*Poesie di Mille Autori intorno a Dante Alighieri* Raccolte ed ordinate cronologicamente con note storiche, bibliografiche e biografiche da Carlo del Balzo. 12 volumes, 8vo. Rome: Forzani e Cia. 1889-1907.

Signor del Balzo is to be congratulated on completing a work which nobody would have advised him to undertake, but which, being done as successfully as he has done it, many readers will prize. More than twenty years ago he set about collecting whatever poets have said in any language about Dante. He begins with Guido Cavalcanti's sonnet of 1283,

Vedesti, al mio parere ogni valore,

which was a reply to Dante's own sonnet in the "Vita Nuova,"

A ciascun alma presa e gentil core;

he ends with Giuseppe Brambilla's canto, dated May 14, 1865, in honor of Dante's sixth centenary. In all, he prints 648 pieces, and his work comprises over 7,000 pages. We mention these figures, not because quantity should rank above quality, but because they show the compiler's range and thoroughness, tests of prime importance in an anthology of this kind. Anthology is hardly the right word; herbarium would be more exact, because Signor del Balzo, like the botanist sent to bring back specimens of the entire flora of a country, properly makes no distinction between flowers and weeds. We have noticed no omissions.

The reader who is assured, therefore, that the collection is exhaustive, may ask what purpose it serves. We would reply at once that it is much more than a literary curiosity. In the first place, it furnishes a remarkable criterion of the estimation in which Dante has been held from age to age. Next, it enables us to trace Dante's immediate influence for more than five hundred years on poets in Italy and other lands; for Signor del Balzo cites not merely the tributes to Dante, but the conscious imitations and paraphrases and indirect offspring of his poems. Again, it sets before us an almost unlimited means towards the comparative study of literature. We can pursue this study *vertically* (so to speak), that is, by taking the specimens in one language and examining them chronologically, or we can investigate *horizontally*, that is, by comparing the various authors, Italian and foreign, of a given period. As a quarry of linguistics the work has further value, because it contains scores of selections which, if sought in their original sources, could be found only in the largest library.

But in addition to the interest and value of the selections themselves, we have the editorial work of Signor del Balzo. This comprises not merely biographical information and ordinary bibliographical references, but much critical matter, many sidelights, anecdotes, and recondite illustrations. The notes to Joannes de Virgilio's "Carmen" (i., 158-163), for instance, give a conspectus of philological comment. The compiler's own remarks are often well worth attention. The scope of this thesaurus can best be inferred when we state that it includes sonnets and short lyrics on the one hand, and several dramas on the other. Friedrich Notter's "Romanzen-Kranz" (xi., 263-477) fills 215 pages; and "Dante," a tragic drama in five acts, requires even more space for the original Danish text and the French version below it; and this is only one of several dramas printed entire. Half a score of languages are represented, including Italian and its dialects; French, English, Spanish, German, Danish, Hebrew, and Latin. The student of literary forms will find here material for an investigation of the art of writing eulogies in verse; the student of Italian history will not fail to perceive how one generation after another of Italians turned to Dante as the prophet of independence; the reader who has leisure for browsing will come upon many entertaining curiosities. Of the intrinsic poetic merit of the hundreds of selections critics will hardly agree; but a reviewer who can command only five or six of the languages in which these effusions are written may hazard, without audacity, the opinion that eulogies do not, in general, "make" for poetry. And it is not Anglo-Saxon bias that brings the verdict that the noblest tributes and the finest poems by foreigners in the entire collection are written in English. Indeed, who has matched Longfellow's sonnets except Michael Angelo himself?

The value of Signor del Balzo's monumental work will enhance with time, as it becomes more difficult to gather the many hundred volumes on which he has drawn—some of them, indeed, are already very rare; and it should have a place in every large public and college library. The Dante scholar and the specialist in comparative literature scarcely need to have it commended to them, so obvious are its merits and uses. The only defect we have to charge against it is the lack of a good index.

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*Signs and Portents in the Far East.* By Everard Cotes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

*The Awakening of China.* By W. A. P. Martin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.80 net.

Nearly all the recent books on Japan and China are characterized by bulkiness and sameness. The first quality arises undoubtedly from purely mechanical considerations and the second follows from the first. After all, the events of the last two years in the Far East, that is since the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese war, have not been so many or of such startling nature as to be impossible of adequate treatment within a comparatively restricted number of pages. Mr. Cotes's volume, therefore, like others we remember reading, is made up largely of discussion and description such as we have grown accustomed to find in the newspapers and magazines. First there is a good deal of gazetteer and geographical information and this is followed by an account, quite adequate for the most part, of actualities and aspirations in the new China—reform, the building of railways, the creation of an army, the introduction of Western education, the missionary problem, and exactly what Japan is going to do to China and the West. All the books speak of Yuan-shih-kai, and his progressive policy as viceroy of Chih-li, of Hankow and its steel mills and arsenal, of the Belgian railway which runs from Pekin to Hankow or from Hankow to Pekin in accordance with the traveller's point of departure, and of the results for the world at large when the huge stirring empire shall have thoroughly awakened. Mr. Martin's volume differs from the general type in that it deals for the greater part with the Chinese history of an earlier time, and only secondarily with present day movements; and with a mere reference to certain interesting chapters such as the one concerned with the Viceroy Chang as a type of the highest kind of Chinese statesman, and another which treats of the rôle of the European missionaries from the point of view of one who was a prominent worker in the field for over half a century, the volume may be dismissed.

On the whole, writers on conditions in the Far East all sin in the direction of undue optimism when it comes to speaking of the future of China. That a new age is dawning in the Celestial empire is not to be denied, but that the tremendous changes which most observers foresee will come about within our own days is seriously open to doubt. Obvious though the historic caution is that because Japan lies so near to China the latter must not necessarily follow in the footsteps of its neighbor, the implication is always present in our more or less highly colored accounts that what Japan has accomplished China, too, can, in the same speedy manner, attain. The Chinese, as we have said, are abandoning their antiquated educational system, studying Western culture and systems of government, and developing a spirit of patriotism which reveals itself in an active native press and a somewhat less active movement for taking the management of various industrial enterprises out of the hands of Europeans. Even the question of abolishing extra-territorial jurisdiction in the ports and the capital is discussed. But when we come to examine just what our authorities mean by Japan's achievements we find that it is not her industrial development, nor again her progress in the Western arts, that has impressed the imagination as much as her triumphs in the battlefield. So that really the regeneration of China resolves itself into the question whether the Middle Kingdom can ever become a first-rate military power. This has been plainly enough stated by Mr. Putnam Weale in his series of well-inform-

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ed volumes dealing with the Far East.

Once the problem is reduced to this simple basis it becomes apparent that the example of Japan cannot greatly aid us in estimating the future of China. The Chinese may be better traders and artisans than the Japanese and possessed of a land far richer in natural resources. That is beside the question. The facts are that the Japanese by temperament and training have always been a fighting people, and the Chinese a pacific, almost an effeminate, nation. There is good fighting material, we are told, in the Chinaman, especially in the hardy inhabitant of the northern provinces. But it must take more than one generation to instil the militant spirit into a people whose genius is decidedly opposed to the practice of the soldierly virtues. To put it almost brutally a nation that still finds its highest type in the scholar and philosopher, not by word of mouth, as among us, but innately and sincerely, a nation which counts filial piety above every other virtue, including patriotism, must take more than a decade or two to develop into a fighting nation. Much praise has been lavished on Yuan-shih-kai's excellent army of 100,000 men; but there is no absolutely sure prospect that when Yuan-shih-kai passes away in the course of time or politics, that army will remain. The fortune of progress in China is still largely bound up with a few great personalities, and there is no firm guarantee against a period of reaction such as followed the outburst of reform activity during the last years of the nineteenth century.

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*A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Psalms.* By Charles Augustus Briggs and Emilie Grace Briggs. 2 vols. [International Critical Commentary.] New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

These volumes command respect as a work of immense industry. No existing commentary on the Psalms can be compared with them for exhaustive thoroughness. The interpretation presents the results of a lifetime's study, in the course of which every question of criticism and exegesis has been patiently and independently investigated, while the notes furnish a complete apparatus—critical, grammatical, lexical, historical. It is perhaps ungrateful to say that in the treatment of Hebrew words and phrases the author has done more than the duty of a commentator, and filled his pages with matter for which the student might properly have been referred to the excellent new Lexicon of which Professor Briggs is an editor.

The feature of the work which the author unquestionably regards as his most important original contribution to the understanding of the Psalter is the reconstruction of the text. Professor Briggs was one of the first American scholars to investigate the structure of Hebrew poetry, and he has had the gratification of seeing his views accepted, in essentials, by an increasing number of students. His theory, briefly set forth in the Introduction (vol. i., pp. xxxviii-xlviii), is, in substance, that Hebrew metre is a loose stress rhythm, a verse consisting of a certain number of emphatic syllables—usually from three to six—alternating with unemphatic syllables indefinite in number, quantity, and rhythmical relations; a certain number of such verses—from two up to twelve or fourteen—constitutes a stanza or "strophe." These criteria are applied in a thoroughgoing way to the Psalms. Having determined how many "tones" there should be in a line, and how many lines should go to a "strophe," the text is made to conform to the pattern.

This Procrustean criticism will provoke dissent from scholars of more conservative temper or of stricter philological training. The one established fact is that Hebrew poetry is accentual, not quantitative; but that nothing more is necessary to make accentual rhythm than a fixed number of stressed syllables in the line, is an obviously false proposition; and that Hebrew poets habitually counted their fingers with such monotonous regularity, and cut up their poems into uniform stanzas, like Watts in the hymn book, is an unfounded assumption. Such machine versification there may be in the Psalter—neither men, gods, nor booksellers have ever succeeded in suppressing machine poets—but that this is the characteristic of Hebrew poetry is a theory which cannot but evoke a protest from those who have an ear for its rhythm as well as a feeling for its spirit. The hesitation we have on methodical grounds is not diminished by closer observation of the results. Many of the emendations to which the author is led by "metrical" considerations commend themselves; but a far greater number are arbitrary and unnecessary. By way of compensation, when it is not a question of metrical regularity, Professor Briggs is surprisingly conservative, and defends the text in many passages which are generally regarded as corrupt.

In regard to the age of the psalms, also, he is conservative, attributing more than thirty psalms to the period of the monarchy. He assigns Psalms 74 and 79 to the Babylonian exile, and 83 and 44 to the Persian period, exscinding the unmistakable references to the persecution by Antiochus Epiphanes and to the national uprising as Maccabæan interpolations. To the Maccabæan times are ascribed Psalms 33, 102b, 109b, 118, 139c; no psalms of later date are recognized.

The author's critical reasoning is sometimes hard to follow, as when, for example, he argues that in Psalm 2, "The seat of dominion is Mount Zion, and therefore we cannot think . . . of a Greek king, such as Alexander Jannæus, or . . . of Aristobulus I." Why these Asmonæan rulers should be called "Greek kings" and in the next sentence distinguished from "Maccabæan princes," or where their residence was, if not on Mount Zion, does not appear. Like many other critics, Professor Briggs confidently connects particular psalms with historical persons and events upon the ground of allusions or parallels, which, if recognized at all as such, are capable of the most diverse interpretation. Thus, he discovers the royal bridegroom of Psalm 45 in Jehu (2 Kings 9-10):

> Jehu was a well-known hero, anointed by a prophet of Yahweh . . . ; he was at once proclaimed by the army, showing his popularity and probable grace of form and speech; he rode forth in his chariot to meet the king and overthrow him; . . . he killed the king by piercing his heart with an arrow. He wrought fearful deeds upon Jezebel, the royal household, and the worshippers of Baal. . . . No more graphic description of the victorious ride of Jehu could be composed than vs. 4-6.

Professor Haupt, in the exercise of similar divinatory faculties, is convinced that the poem was written for the marriage of Alexander Balas with Cleopatra; while Duhm hits on Aristobulus I., and Kirkpatrick sticks to Solomon. The patent fact is that there is nothing in these praises of the prowess of the king and the beauty of his bride that might not have been sung by a court poet at the wedding of any monarch. Linguistic evidence may perhaps determine in a general way the age of the poem, but our curiosity about the names of the hero and heroine must remain unsatisfied.

In the Introduction the author presents the results of a laborious investigation of the older and smaller collections of poems—the Davidic Psalms, Psalms of Asaph, the Korahites, the Director's Book, etc., in their complicated relations to one another, and develops a theory of the successive stages in the compilation and editing of the Psalter. A discussion of this theory is not in place here; but the reviewer may be permitted to express a far-reaching doubt whether the evidence—chiefly in the titles and in musical or liturgical directions—is of a nature to sustain so detailed a reconstruction of the internal history of the Psalter. Other topics dealt with in the Introduction are the nature of Hebrew poetry; the history of interpretation, the account of which is somewhat meagre; and the Hebrew text and ancient versions of the Psalms. The treatment of the last subject is marred by many inaccuracies.

A word should be said in conclusion about the translations. They are meant to present connectedly a literal interpretation of the reconstructed text, without any attempt to preserve the poetical quality of the original. But they frequently exhibit a singular obtuseness to the effect of English words. The Hebrew *rinnah* may be, in the dictionary, a loud and strident cry; but "attend to my yell" (Psalm 17:1) produces on the English reader an incongruous, not to say ludicrous, impression which is wholly false to the original.

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*Nuovi Studii Danteschi* (Ugolino, Pier della Vigna, I Simoniaci, e discussioni varie). By Francesco D'Ovidio. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.

The three studies named in the title are new; the remainder, nine in number, appeared between 1879 ("L'Enfer del Littré") and 1904; the article on Littré's Old French version of the Inferno was printed originally in the *Nuova Antologia,* and Signor D'Ovidio had therefore some ground for doubting the advisability of having it reprinted; as to the rest, each came forth originally in some more or less inaccessible print, and there was ample warrant for republishing them all. Nearly every essay in the present book will be valuable to Dante scholars, and each may be read with interest by a still greater audience.

The study entitled "Ugolino" interprets that episode from seemingly every point of view likely to clarify its meaning and to prove that Dante handled his theme with an art bordering upon absolute perfection.

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To "The Last Words of Ugolino" (Poscia, più che il dolor, potè il digiuno—to be translated, possibly, "then fasting had more power than grief") Signor D'Ovidio devotes 53 pages. He faces the problem thus:

> The question must be only whether those bodies [of Ugolino's sons], at first fondly embraced, were at last more or less bitten through blind starving rage, with little or no physical effect, but with a great psychic effect; that is, in Ugolino's being shot through with the frightful thought of having set his teeth into his own sons, and in his wish to avenge himself down there [in hell] on the skull of him who was the cause of such an enormity.

Forty pages of argument lead our commentator to a fairly obvious conclusion which is not foreshadowed in his question:

> When [Ugolino] says that at last even grief had to yield to starvation [inedia], what else can he mean but that he, too, fell? He, too, if Dante had been in such a daze as to ask him, "What did the fasting do?" would perhaps have reproached him with being hard of understanding, as he had already reproached him with being hard of heart.

The essay on "Il Canto di Pier della Vigna" is a comparative study of Dante and his classical sources, followed by a detailed interpretation of the canto. In a similar study of "Il Canto dei Simoniaci" Signor D'Ovidio describes accurately the baptismal font of San Giovanni as it was in Dante's time; and shows that Dante's scene of the Simoniacs, upside down in their pits, is derived from the very incident which the poet uses as an illustration to impart reality to that scene—a method constantly followed by Dante. To the puzzle as to what Dante meant by "il piè fermo," Signor D'Ovidio offers a satisfying answer on pp. 448 and 454.

The last study in the volume, though not new (it appeared some five years ago), is really the one of greatest importance; for it is a bold, luminous, and persuasive argument that the "Fiore" was composed by Dante. In 1901 Mazzoni put forward this idea as an hypothesis. This hypothesis D'Ovidio turns into a thesis. If his argument is not merely convincing, but so strong that no one can overthrow it, a gap in the darkest period of Dante's life, that period in which he forgot Beatrice and succumbed to the flesh, will have lost most of its mystery. The poet's relation to the mystic rose in Paradise and his debt to the "Roman de la rose" can then no longer be doubted; the profane rose of the "Fiore" will amply explain why Dante thus symbolizes his repentance of what must have been the bitterest memory of his past. If the Durante of the "Fiore" is the Dante who in the "Commedia" names himself but once, what Boccaccio says of his hero's having strayed from virtue will have been proved true; a whole epoch in the poet's life will have to be rewritten, and more than two hundred sonnets, revealing unmistakably a Dante who sinned like other men, and even dwelt in a jesting allegory upon all the stages through which he passed before arriving at his "rose," will have to be added to the poet's works, not, perhaps, as unquestionably authentic, but as being in all likelihood the creation of his pen. The manuscript of the "Fiore" is at Monpellier; it awaits a competent editor.

# Science.

## THE ANNIVERSARY OF ALDROVANDI.

BOLOGNA, June 14.

Many of the delegates from Europe and America who assembled in Bologna on June 11 as guests of the municipality, came with very indistinct notions as to the achievements of the man in whose honor they had been invited; but from the remarks of the chief speakers at the commemoration, and from an inspection of the reconstructed Aldrovandi Museum and of the numerous documents brought to light and published on this occasion, a clear impression results. It is a curious coincidence that the celebration should come in the same year with the centenaries of Linnæus and of Agassiz—scientists of whom Aldrovandi may fairly be said to be one of the important precursors. When he died at the age of eighty-three in 1605, he left by will all his books, specimens, manuscripts, and other materials to form a museum. These materials were scattered through various parts of the university, and some wandered as far as Paris; a few that were of a combustible nature helped, it is said, to feed the stoves of the lecture halls. Finally in 1905, when 300 years had passed, the authorities determined to carry out the provisions of the will, and at the same time to honor the memory of the distinguished man who had devoted practically all his time and fortune to the advancement of science and the glory of his native city. At a time when the influence of the Inquisition was deadly, and the standards of the university were at a low ebb, he was a powerful advocate of sound principles in science. Quite remarkable for the age was his rigid insistence on the necessity of observation. In the museum are shown in striking juxtaposition his original specimens, the drawings from them, the woodcuts made under his supervision, and the prints in his published works. These works fill a dozen large volumes, some of which were printed after his death with funds left by him for the purpose. His manuscripts crowd an extraordinary number of shelves; an index of them is published by the university in connection with the commemoration. The whole museum is sumptuously arranged in one of the fine halls of the university. At one end are displayed the documents of greeting, in some cases very artistic and elaborate, brought by the delegates from universities and learned societies. Probably no scientist would say that Aldrovandi's works are of great importance for consultation to-day; nevertheless, the museum marks an epoch in the development of modern scientific methods and knowledge. The botanic garden and the geological museum, also founded by Aldrovandi, contain valuable specimens; one, a fossil found in an Etruscan tomb, is said to be the oldest geological specimen known.

The date chosen for the celebration is that which was assumed for the birthday of the university at the time of the eighth centenary in 1888, namely, June 12. The honorary head of the committee which arranged the celebration was the syndic of Bologna, Marchese Tanari, who greeted the delegates at a reception in the town hall on the evening of the 11th, but the effective head was the distinguished geologist, Giovanni Capellini, professor and Senator, under whose supervision the arrangements were carried out without a hitch. He presided at the "solemn commemoration" on the 12th in the Archiginnasio, formerly the home of the university. After cordial addresses of welcome by the authorities of the city, the university, and the Italian Government, responses were made by some of the delegates, one speaking for each nation represented. The thanks of the Aldrovandi family were expressed in a very neat speech by Conte Aldrovandi, a descendant of the great naturalist, and now connected with the Italian Consulate in New York. Then followed a commemorative oration by Prof. Emilio Costa, who brought out particularly Aldrovandi's part in the history of Bologna. The occasion was a brilliant one. Most of the delegates wore academic costume, in some cases decidedly picturesque. Many students, wearing their historic "goliardic" caps of various colors, according to the faculty under which they studied, filled the back part of the hall.

Some of the results of the commemoration are permanent in character, especially the institution of the Aldrovandi museum and the publication of important documents, beginning a series which is to cover the history of the university. The rest of the programme arranged for the delegates was lighter in character, and included a visit to the admirably arranged and beautifully situated orthopedic institute, and a banquet at the Hotel Brun. Free access was granted to the museums and art galleries. The libraries of the university and the city were closed, but, nevertheless, through the courtesy of the librarians, who at the same time were busy as members of the committee, visitors were allowed to consult the rare books and manuscripts in which Bologna is rich. A fourteenth-century fragment of a bestiary, ascribing to various animals the traditional fanciful characteristics of such books, was obligingly brought to light by Dr. Ludovico Trati, the learned assistant librarian of the university; it showed vividly the sharp distinction between the natural science of the Middle Ages and that of Aldrovandi's age, the distance surely being greater and more significant than that between Aldrovandi and the scientists of to-day.

KENNETH MCKENZIE.

D. Van Nostrand & Co. have just issued "A Handbook of Wireless Telegraphy: Its Theory and Practice," by James Erskine-Murray; "The Construction of Dynamos," by Tyson Sewell; "Canning and Preserving of Food Products," by Edward W. Duckwall; "Agglutinants of All Kinds for All Purposes," by H. C. Standage, and "Ammonia and Its Compounds," by J. Grossmann.

The French minister of public instruction recently submitted to the Conseil Supérieur a proposed reform of the higher university degree—*licence ès lettres*. This suppressed not only all examination in Greek, but in Latin as well. The abandonment of Greek is allowed in the license for history, philosophy, and living languages, as a preparatory literary training already exists without Greek. But the university has so far no literary training without Latin; moreover, the minister's

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proposition excluded the examination in Latin without prescribing any literary examination in French. This is described as, at least, frank in its modernity—a degree in letters without examination in literature. The Conseil accordingly refuses the reform and demands that the written examination in Latin shall be retained for the university *licence ès lettres* of whatever kind. On the other hand, the Conseil approves the minister's programme of physical education in primary and higher schools. The end of such education is twofold—"to give energy and to teach how to make the best use of energy." Hence the two great divisions of exercise: first, developing exercises which set up a healthy balance between physical and intellectual activity; second, exercises of application, "games and sports that make a man familiar with practices which he will have to apply in life." The general principle of all such exercises is that "they shall be within reach of the weak who have more need of improvement than others." The conclusion is significant of the times:

> The instructor should strive to obtain an average as high as possible from the whole collection of pupils under his care. All training that aims at making experts (*virtuoses*) out of the best endowed should be prohibited, for it could be given only to the detriment of the weak, who have the most need of improvement.

Sir William Henry Perkins, the English chemist, whose death in London was announced Sunday, was born in London in 1838, and received his early training at the City of London School. He studied chemistry under Dr. A. W. Hofman at the Royal College of Chemistry, and later became Hofman's assistant. In the course of his experiments he discovered a purple or mauve dye formed by the oxidation of aniline. This discovery, made by accident from materials which Sir William was about to throw away, proved to be the foundation of the aniline or coal-tar color industry, which gives employment in Germany to over 100,000 men. No less than 700 distinct tints are produced by the process. In 1906 the jubilee of the discovery was celebrated, and Sir William was entertained in this country. Johns Hopkins conferred the degree of LL.D. upon him. He was knighted shortly before coming to America. He retired from the manufacturing interests in 1874, and devoted himself to research. His writings were numerous, but appeared for the most part as contributions to the Transactions of the Chemical Society.

The death is announced of Emmanuel Mendel, the well-known nerve doctor, in his sixty-eighth year. He was professor of psychiatry in the University of Berlin, and author of various works in neurology.

## Drama and Music.

A. W. Pinero and Bernard Fagan, the author of "The Prayer of the Sword," are both writing new plays for George Alexander.

Ben Greet and his players finished on Saturday night a two weeks' engagement at the University of Chicago. They began their present season in Florida on May 2, and the weather has been most unpropitious to their out-door representations. More than half of their performances have been given in theatres or halls. As a rule, the company has been very successful. Mr. Greet will fulfil a few engagements in the East before entering upon a summer vacation.

Henrietta Crosman's dramatic version of "The Pilgrim's Progress," called "The Christian Pilgrim," will begin its New York season in the Liberty Theatre on the 4th of November.

William J. Locke has prepared a dramatic version of his own novel, "The Beloved Vagabond," and Beerbohm Tree will produce it, in London. It was designed originally for Arthur Bourchier, but the latter abandoned all claim upon it, recognizing the fact that the central character would fit Mr. Tree more easily than it would himself.

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C. G. Sonneck has a letter in the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, in which he vigorously combats the prevalent opinion that "Yankee Doodle" was brought to America by hired Hessian soldiers. He has in his possession a libretto, dated 1767, entitled "The Disappointment," the text of a ballad opera, the fourth number of which was sung to "Yankee Doodle." The Hessians may be grateful for having that stain wiped off their ancestors.

The copyright of "Tristan und Isolde" has just expired. It was first performed on June 10, 1865, at Munich. The only Wagner operas of which the copyrights have still to run are "Die Meistersinger," "Parsifal," and the four Nibelung dramas.

The new German periodical, *Morgen*, prints some previously unpublished letters of Wagner, in one of which he expresses his hope of finishing the "Ring" operas in 1855 (the actual date of completion was 1875). "In 1858," he writes, "the whole work is to be performed here in Zurich. Should I not then be alive, so much the better. Then, perhaps, Rietz will produce the whole thing in Leipzig as a funeral service for me; which would be a true analogue to my whole life."

Emma Calvé will be at the head of the soloists of the Maine Festival, to be given this year, as usual, at Portland and Bangor, under the direction of W. R. Chapman. One of the features will be Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah," in the cast of which will be the excellent young baritone, Cecil Fanning, who will also fill one part of one day's programme with a song recital.

News comes from Italy of the assured success there of "Sarrona," a grand opera in two acts and a prologue, of which the music, text, costume-designs, and scenery are by an American, Legrand Howland. This young man, with an associate, Thomas Wilhelm, was appointed impresario of the Carnival Season at Piacenza, in Italy, where "Sarrona" was then being produced. It is the first time an American has ever held this position in connection with a Government opera house in Europe. The opera's record during the year in which it has been before the public is somewhat remarkable. It was first produced in symphony form at Monte Carlo and at Aix les Bains. Thereafter it was given in the municipal opera houses of Piacenza, as already stated, during the carnival, when it had a remarkable success; at Varese, Naples, Florence, Udine, Trieste, and at Pola, a naval port of Austria. More recently, six performances were given at Milan in one week, and wherever it has been heard the reports of the enthusiasm of the audiences have been unanimous. The Grand Opera House Fenice at Venice has opened negotiations for the opera, and the agents have offered a tournée of Germany. It will be interesting to see whether the German critics repeat the enthusiastic appreciation shown by the Italian press.

## Art.

*A History of Tapestry from the Earliest Times until the Present Day.* By W. G. Thomson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $12 net.

This book commands the respect of the student, because of its unpretending character. It is avowedly a compilation, but it contains a vast number of hitherto unrecorded facts, assembled from many sources, English and foreign. Although there is no bibliography, a very full one might be gathered from the footnotes, with this exception, that English translations of books are preferred to the originals. The volume is, then, a history in the sense that it is a record, and little else; but it is well that, however entitled, these prodigious accumulations should be published. The work lacks, however, an adequate index. Three separate tables, "The Chief Centres of Manufacture," "Subjects of Tapestries," and a list of Tapissiers, Merchants, Painters, etc., do not altogether make up a sufficient key to the contents.

The important part begins in chapter iii., the early tapestry of Europe. Then the fourteenth century is treated in chapters iv. and v., with distinctions carefully drawn between the work of Paris and that of Arras, Germany, and England. Much of this information is new in the sense that it has not been accessible. The four following chapters are devoted to the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, in which period tapestries were made even in Scotland. Those of Arras have a chapter to themselves. The whole of chapter xv. is devoted to the sale by the Commonwealth of the royal collection made by Charles I. Two chapters only are devoted to the famous French workshops of the seventeenth century, but that branch of the subject has been carefully elaborated in other books.

The most original section is the first two chapters, which deal with pre-Christian tapestry, including the recently studied—we might almost say the recently discovered—tapestries of Christian Egypt. And here is strongly evident the difficulty which the student will find in using this book for anything more comprehensive than a record of dates and facts. Just as there is nowhere between these covers an adequate account of the manufacture of tapestry, so there is no clear distinction between one ancient decorative weave and another. Indeed, there is a disposition to classify any textile of great beauty of pattern as a "tapestry," without regard to its structure; and so, looking back to pages 2 and

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3, which contain the only account of tapestry weaving, and to pages 11 and 12, in which Andromache and Helen are found at work in the pages of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," the student is left with the conviction that any ornamental, certainly any very rich, textile fabric would be regarded by the author as belonging to his subject. To the special student, however, tapestry is a peculiar and separate thing. It is not strictly a textile, if the word textile be defined in a minutely accurate way. It is as nearly a work of pure art as any production can be which depends upon the use of tools more elaborate than pencil and modelling stick. It is essentially an art of secondary impulse, like other arts of decorative design. Or it might be said that the translation by the operative into terms of dyed woollen is as purely an artistic process as the translation by the etcher into lines engraved upon copper, of an original which presents the artist's thought.

Owing to this looseness of definition, the illustrations of the book are really more important than its text. The text tells us about the facts, but the illustrations lay the facts before us, and this in an admirable way for any work short of a costly folio. There are 82 illustrations, of which three or four only are printed with the text. Four are large folding plates with color-printed representation of important tapestries, complete and excellent, especially in their appearance of unflinching verity. All the rest are well made half-tones; and the practised reader will understand that even a well made half-tone may fail to present clearly and forcibly a worn, faded, creased, and repaired old tapestry. The splendid photogravures in this or that French or Austrian book devoted to the subject belong, indeed, to another category, and we must be content here with the instructive illustrations of a guide-book. We take leave of the author, then, with admiration of his power as a faithful draughtsman, and with respect for his diligent search among original sources of information.

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To all students of the history of art, whether ancient or modern, the name of the Munich publishing house of Bruckmann has become familiar on account of the range and the high quality of the series of monumental works they have been issuing. It is due to their enterprise that students of classical sculpture have now at their command, in the "Denkmäler griechischer und römischer Skulptur," in Arndt's "Griechische und römische Porträts," and in their publications of special collections, material which can be surpassed only by great collections of casts such as few cities or universities can provide, while Furtwängler & Reichhold's "Griechische Vasenmalerei" offers the most accurate and beautiful reproductions of Greek vase-paintings ever attempted. It is, therefore, gratifying to note that they have now turned their attention to Greek and Roman paintings, in a series of folio plates, with accompanying text, to be entitled, "Denkmäler der Malerei des Altertums," the first numbers of which, under the able editorship of Dr. Paul Herrmann of the Dresden Albertinum, have already appeared. We are promised that this is to consist of about 600 plates, and "will include the whole of the material which has been preserved, with the sole exception of examples which possess neither scientific nor artistic importance." By this is meant not only all the wall paintings of Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiæ, and Rome which are worth reproducing, but also earlier works, such as the prehistoric paintings which have been brought to light by the recent excavations in Crete, as well as the wall paintings of Etruscan tombs, the few scattered remains of Greek paintings of the pre-Roman period, and portraits from the Fayum. Mosaics also will be included to a limited extent, where these are clearly copied from paintings. The work will undoubtedly give a new stimulus to the study of Greek painting, an art which the Greeks esteemed quite as highly as they did their sculpture, but which has been largely neglected by modern students, partly because of the loss of original works by the great painters, or even copies of them, and partly because of the lack of trustworthy reproductions of the paintings that have survived. The basis of the series which has now been undertaken is photographs carefully and especially made from the paintings themselves, each to be reproduced by the process best suited to its requirements, whether phototype, photogravure, chromolithography, or lithography and collotype combined. There will be a limited number of colored plates, but the expense of preparing these with the standard of accuracy which has been adopted is too large to admit of many, and the majority of the plates will, therefore, be in monotone. Those of the first numbers, which have reached us, give easy assurance that the high quality of the Bruckmann publications will be maintained.

Théobald Chartran, the painter, died in Paris on Wednesday. He was born at Besançon in 1849, was a pupil of Cabanel, and exhibited his first picture in 1872. In 1877 he won the Prix de Rome. His specialties were religious subjects and portraits. He visited America several times, and painted pictures of a number of well-known Americans, including President Roosevelt.

# Finance.

## LOW PRICES FOR HIGH-GRADE SECURITIES.

Every one is familiar with the off-hand theories which have been put forward to explain the present high prices for money, the decline in the best grade of securities, and, particularly, the troubles of our great railways in raising fresh loans, and the exceptionally high rates of interest they have had to pay. Mr. Harriman blamed it all on the laws to regulate the railways; even Mr. Vanderlip intimated that the only remedy was a more lenient temper towards the railways. Similarly, Londoners have insisted that the so-called "Socialist tendencies" of the Campbell-Bannerman ministry were making the trouble. Even at Paris, the proposed income tax, now put over for a year, has been gravely assigned as the sole cause of financial disturbance.

All this special pleading Paul Leroy-Beaulieu has brushed away in a recent discussion in the *Économiste Français*. He perceives, with all experienced and unbiassed observers, that, while such incidents may inflame a troubled situation, they can hardly have caused so uniform a series of phenomena, visible in every money market of the world. The peculiarity of the present strain on capital has been, as our readers are well aware, its worldwide manifestation. This was not true even of our season of "undigested securities" in 1903; capital was then under severe strain in England and in the United States; but in France and Germany markets were comfortable and capital abundant. Nor was it true in 1901, when Germany was bidding high for capital and the strain had fairly set in at London. Paris and New York were then reporting almost a plethora of available money. But in 1907, from New York, from London, from Paris, from Berlin, from Amsterdam, from Vienna—even from such usually neglected points as Rome, Rio Janeiro, and Egypt—the story of the money and investment markets has been the same.

Not long ago the theory had much vogue that this depression in high-grade securities, with fixed rate of interest, was due to the converging of attention on stocks with a speculative value. It was argued that when, as a result of the great activity of trade, opportunities for increase in dividends on such investments seemed to the capitalist to be unlimited, he would not readily put his money into securities which could give him no larger return in good times than in bad. Hence his reluctance to invest in that quarter of the market caused a decline in value of such securities. In this argument there was undoubtedly some truth. But when, six months ago, it became evident that investors were even more reluctant to take new stocks of sound and prosperous railways than new bonds, it was plain enough that some other force was at work. M. Leroy-Beaulieu shows with great clearness and detail what it was.

Beginning with the annual requirement of new capital for our railways, as set forth by Mr. Hill, he adds the apparent needs of other branches of our industry, and arrives at the estimate that America is asking for not less than $2,000,000,000 fresh capital per annum. But the annual increment of capital in this country, great as it now is, does not reach to one-third of that amount. To make up the balance, only two recourses exist—to obtain the capital from other countries, or to withdraw it from other and older investments in this country. The first recourse was adopted on a large scale last year; but it was soon made clear that the European markets were themselves in much the same condition as our own. In all of them, home demand on free reserves of capital was pressing closely upon supply; some of them, such as Germany, were themselves making heavy drafts on other markets. In M. Leroy-Beaulieu's opinion, only four markets of the world are to-day in a position to "export" capital. These are England, France, Belgium, and Holland; and of the four, England is largely out of the field because of the impairment of her resources in the Transvaal war, and because of the prior demands by the colonies. This is in accord with the belief of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. In a speech

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on July 4, Mr. Asquith attributes the shrinkage in "gilt-edged securities" to "the permanent destruction of capital," and the "trenching on the reserves normally free from encroachment."

Beaulieu's conclusion is unhesitating. The world-wide expansion of industrial and financial activity must be checked until supplies of capital, in the process of accumulation, again exceed demand. This check to activity involves, in his judgment, reduction in prices on financial markets—which is the process now actually before our eyes—and reduction in the price of raw material of manufacture, whose abnormally high level is largely responsible for the absorption of capital, on the present scale, in productive industry. The action of the copper market this past week—a voluntary reduction of 2 to 3 cents a pound by producers, in the face of their assertion that the whole world is "short of copper"—followed close on his prediction. Finally, he warns the industrial markets that some at least of the plans of expansion already under way must be postponed to a more convenient season.

It might perhaps be supposed that this judgment would be construed into an omen of serious reaction or disaster. The situation has not so been regarded by our own practical business men, such as Judge Gary, Mr. Frick, and Mr. Hill; nor is it by M. Leroy-Beaulieu. His opinion clearly is that a period of hazardous inflation is being brought to a fortunate close, and that the financial and industrial situation is not only more normal, but much safer, for the check. His feeling as to the future is sufficiently indicated by his advice to investors that the present situation offers to capitalists, large and small, a legitimate opportunity for placing their funds to advantage, such as they have not witnessed in twenty years.

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The death is announced of Karl Umpfenbach, who, until 1900, was professor of political economy at the University of Königsberg. Among his works are "Des Volkes Erbe," "Volkswirtschaftslehre," "Kapital in seiner Kulturbedeutung," and "Altersversorgung und Staatssozialismus."

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aimes, Hubert H. S. History of Slavery in Cuba, 1511 to 1868. Putnams. $1.50.
Allin, C. D. Early Federation Movement of Australia. Ontario: British Whig Publishing Company.
Annual Report, Superintendent of Banks; Building and Loan, and Cooperative Savings and Loan Associations. Albany: J. B. Lyon Company.
Bartlett, A. E. Dramas of Camp and Cloister. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.50.
Becker, C. H. Christentum und Islam. New York: Stechert. 13 cents.
Bielschewsky, Albert. The Life of Goethe. Vol II. Translated by William A. Cooper. Putnams. $3.50 net.
Bishop, A. B. Songs After Noon. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.25.
Bradford, T. L. Bibliographer's Manual of American History. Vol. I. Philadelphia: S. V. Henkels & Co.
Cadbury, Edward; Matheson, M. Cécile, and Shann, George. Women's Work and Wages. University of Chicago Press.
Chapman, H. G. The New Apocalypse. New York: G. C. Peck.
Chart, D. A. The Story of Dublin. Macmillan. $2.
City College. P. J. Mosenthal and C. F. Horne, Eds. Putnams.
Dougal's Index to Advertisements for Next of Kin, Legatees, etc. London: F. H. Dougal & Co.
Eisler, Frederick Carl. Sidon, a Study in Oriental History. Columbia University Press.
Ellis, Robinson. The Elegiae in Mæcenatem. London: Henry Frowde.
Gospel of Barnabas. Edited and translated by Lonsdale and Laura Bagg. Oxford: Clarendon Press. $5.25.
Guthe, H. Jesaia. New York: Stechert. 13 cents.
Gutman, Julius. Uber die Amerikanischen "Stahltrust." Essen: G. D. Baedeker.
Harnack, Adolf. Luke the Physician. Trans. by the Rev. J. R. Wilkinson. New York: Putnams.
Homer's Iliad, First three Books. Edited for the use of Schools by J. R. S. Sterrett. American Book Company. $1.60.
Imbriani, Vittorio. Studi Letterari. B. Croce, Ed. Bari: Laterza & Figli.
James, Winifred. Bachelor Betty. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Jost, Ludwig. Lectures on Plant Physiology. R. J. Harvey Gibson, trans. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
Judd, C. H. Psychology: General Introduction. Scribners.
Jülicher, Adolf. Paulus und Jesus. New York: Stechert. 13 cents.
Knopf, Rudolf. Die Zukunftshoffnungen des Urchristentums. New York: Stechert. 13 cents.
Krüger, Gustav. Das Papsttum. New York: Stechert. 13 cents.
Laird & Lee's Glimpses of the Jamestown Exposition and Picturesque Virginia. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 35 cents.
Lincoln, J. C. The "Old Home House." A. S. Barnes & Company. $1.25.
Magister, Stephen. In the Path of the Persian. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.00.
Mallock, W. H. Socialism. New York: National Civic Federation.
Marti, Karl. The Religion of the Old Testament. Putnams. $1.25.
Meyer, Arnold. Was uns Jesus heute ist. New York: Stechert. 13 cents.
Moghabghab, Rev. Faddoul. The Shepherd Song. Dutton. $1.00 net.
National Arbitration and Peace Congress, N. Y., 1907. Proceedings. Edited by the Secretary. New York: 1907.
Peck, George Record. The Kingdom of Light. Putnams. $1 net.
Poulsson, L. E. Lisbeth Longfrock. Ginn & Company.
Robbins, E. R. Plane and Solid Geometry. American Book Company. $1.25.
Robinson, Father Paschal. A Short Introduction to Franciscan Literature. Tennant & Ward. 10 cents.
Sand, George. Jeanne. Cécile Hugon, Ed. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
Therne, Guy. The Serf. Fenno. $1 net.
Todd, Charles Burr. In Olde Massachusetts. The Grafton Press. $1.50 net.
Waite, A. C. Bird Echoes. Boston. R. G. Badger. $1.25.
Wernle, Paul. Paulus Gerhardt. New York: Stechert. 13 cents.


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